

2001
World Fantasy
Convention

Montréal, Canada
November 1-4, 2001

2001 World Fantasy Convention

"Je me souviens..."

("I remember...")

a WFC Retrospective

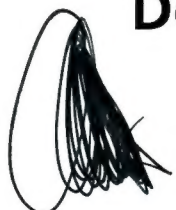
Guests of Honour

Fred Saberhagen

Joël Champetier

Donato Giancola

Fred Saberhagen
Joël Champetier
WFC Nov 2001
Donato Giancola
2001



Toastmaster

Charles de Lint

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The Covers

The Programme Book cover features art from Lord of the Rings, and the accompanying CD-Rom features cover art from The Hobbit.

Creating a painting based upon the works of J.R.R. Tolkien means it will be placed under a magnifying glass by thousands of fans when it comes to details. Luckily Tolkien provided very little physical descriptions in his works of either the characters or places, it is mostly based upon mood. This is what I love regarding his writing. By allowing the artist to have a very broad range of interpreting physical elements, the focus of the works then (for me at least) becomes how to depict the emotions and psychology of the characters. It brings the stories back into the present, makes them human, and allows a certain amount of contemporary 'flavor' to be injected back into the world of Middle-Earth.

I approached these two paintings (the cover art for *Lord of the Rings* and for the graphic novel of *The Hobbit*) in much the same way that Caravaggio did his biblical subjects: by using real people from the streets as models. Letting a specific action illustrate the general theory. I attempted to avoid clichés within the works and tried to illustrate scenes that went to the core of what the books were about; not the battles, nor the monsters, the swords, the architecture... I wanted to show the frail and courageous nature of the people involved, what it means to be human in the face of danger and insecurity. These paintings have been enthusiastically received, better than I had ever hoped, and are the foundation for all of my future projects.

Donato Giancola

Introduction & Chairpersons' Message

by Bruce & Lea Farr, Co-Chairpersons

In response to the recent tragic events in New York, Pennsylvania, and Washington, D.C., we are donating 20% of the profits from this WFC to the American Red Cross. We appreciate their and everyone else's efforts, and dedicate this convention to the memory of the victims and their survivors.

Welcome to the Twenty-Seventh Annual World Fantasy Convention! We're delighted to have everyone here in Montréal and we will do all we can to make your weekend as enjoyable as we can. The Delta Montréal Centre-ville is delighted to be hosting the WFC and has a great lobby-bar and restaurant as a convenient rendezvous.

This year's WFC is honored to host over 200 professionals – authors, artists, editors, publishers, agents, packagers, dealers and many others. In fact, over half of those attending make a substantial part of their living in the field of fantasy and horror. One of the things that sets a WFC apart from other conventions is its largely professional attendance. The rest of the attendees are primarily humble book and art collectors, like the Co-Chairpersons of the convention.

We wish to welcome our official convention guests: Guests of Honour Fred Saberhagen, Joel Champetier, and Donato Giancola, and Toastmaster Charles de Lint. They are all intimately involved in this year's WFC and we hope that you get a chance to meet them all.

You'll notice that the Programme Book is slightly smaller than the usual WFC tome, because we have published a supplemental CD-ROM containing 24 stories along with other material, edited by Nancy Kilpatrick. Copies are being provided to all WFC members along with contributors. There is further information on the CD-ROM in the main Programme Book. We estimate that the CD-ROM would contain well over 500 pages of material if printed out. Enjoy!

The theme of the convention is "Je me souviens" or "I remember," or a remembrance of past WFC's through panels and the CD-ROM. The panels inspired by themes of WFC's past are noted in the Programme Guide, with the year and theme noted. In the CD-ROM we have keyed the stories and other items relating to past WFC themes by a note of the convention's year.

The Programme Guide gives you a wealth of material to make your stay at the 2001 World Fantasy Convention more enjoyable. You'll find Programme Participant bios (the GOH bios are in the Programme Book), the programme (with details of participants and leading questions) and a programme grid tearout, map, and travel and sightseeing information.

We hope that you enjoy yourselves in this fabulous city, Montréal. Our over 60 staff members have worked hard this past year in order for it to look easy!

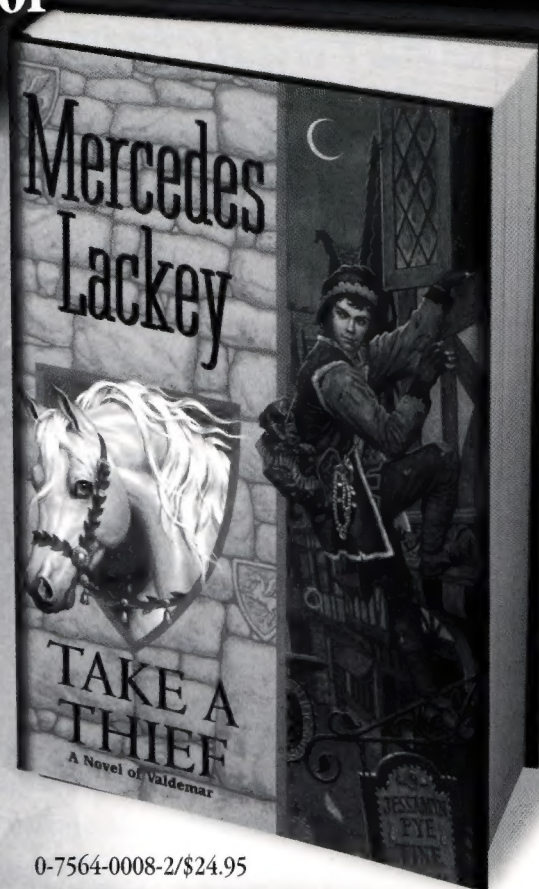
Bruce & Lea Farr

Return to the Best-selling World of Mercedes Lackey's Valdemar...

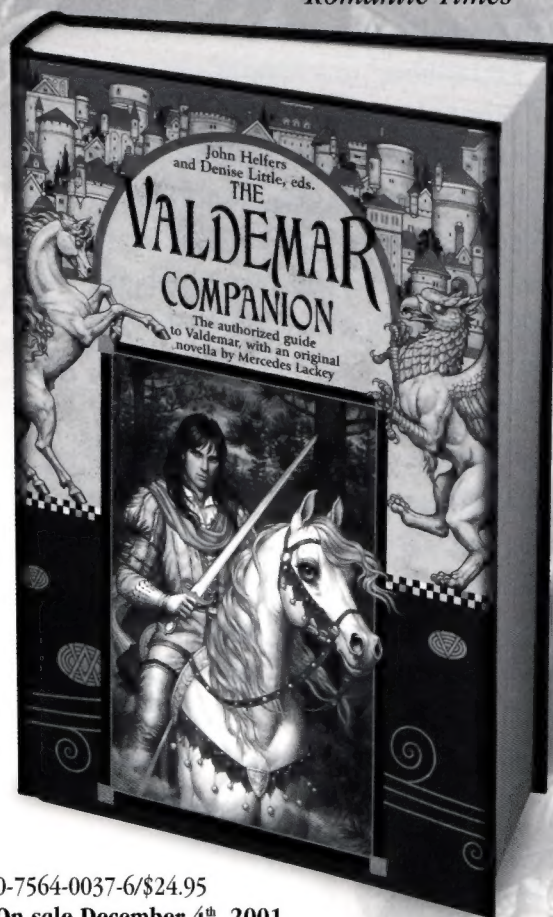
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FRED SABERHAGEN

2001

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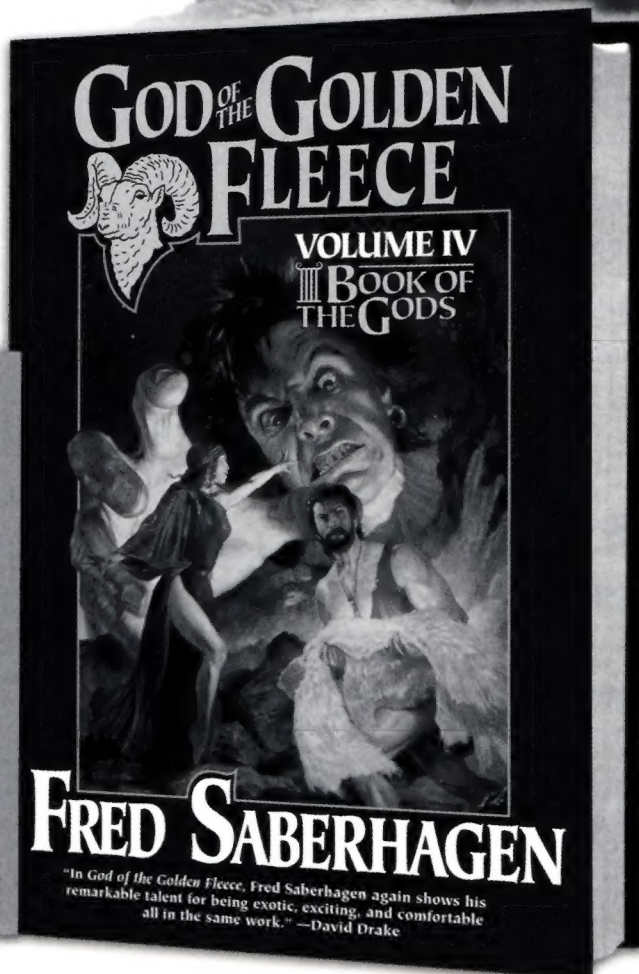
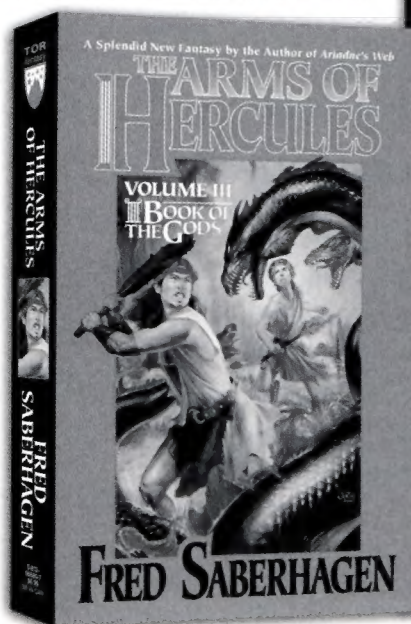
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ground, that people tend to forget that it was Fred-1 who came up with the idea.

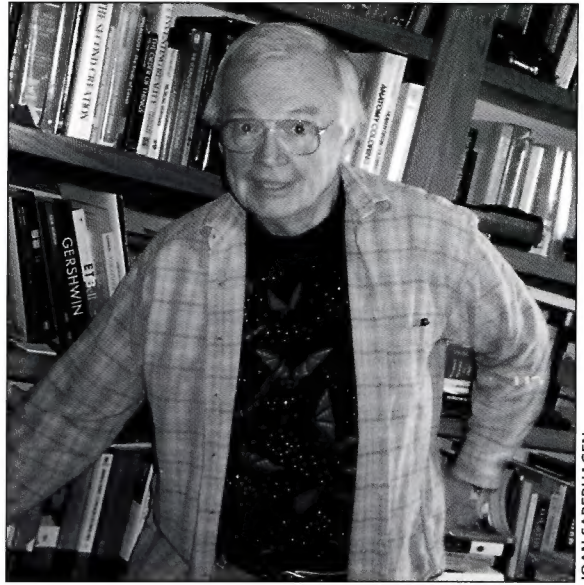
Note that the concept of the Berserker appeared in a well-regarded episode of classic *Trek*, in Greg Bear's *Forge of God*, and in Linda Nagata's recent novel *Vast*. Note that Fred-1 didn't get any credit, even for something called *Aliens vs. Berserkers*, which was published by an actual publisher whose actual name would seem to be Bantam, and whose actual editors should actually, have known better.

Nor has Fred-1's influence been limited to the concept of the Berserker. *Empire of the East*, the prequel to the *Swords* series, was a unique addition to the vaguely-defined subgenre known as science fantasy, combining as it did a post-holocaust background, magic, computers, and an evil dark lord who happed also to be a thermonuclear device.

Two of Fred-1's latest books are *Shiva In Steel*, the new *Berserker* novel, and *The Mask of Apollo*, a science fantasy. Check them out. They're Fred-1 at his best.

Fred-2 is a different sort of writer altogether, the sardonic, world-weary sophisticate who penned the *Dracula* sequence that began with *The Dracula Tape*. One can hardly imagine the logical, optimistic Fred-1 producing the droll, ironic memoirs of the Count.

Nor has Fred-2 failed to have his impact on popular culture. It should be remembered that *The Dracula Tape* is probably the first book to let the vampire speak in his own voice. One should not forget that Fred-2's vampire series predates that of Anne Rice, that of Quinn Yarbrow, that of S.P. Somtow. Think of all those people dressed in black, who spend their time dressed as vampires, who dream vampire dreams and think vampire thoughts. Fred-2 *invented* these people and their milieu, though — as



JOAN SABERHAGEN

with Fred-1 — he rarely seems to get the credit. Fred-2 made the mistake of being twenty years ahead of his time. (Or, in the case of the Count, four hundred years ahead of his time).

One of Fred-2's last works was *A Sharpness on the Neck* in which the Count, enmeshed in the French revolution, encounters the guillotine. The next novel in the series, *A Coldness in the Blood* (excerpted later in this guide and on the accompanying CD-Rom), will be out in 2002.

Fred-3 publishes fewer works than his brothers, and his books are far more difficult to categorize. He is, not to mince words, the odd-est Fred of them all. He wrote *The Veils of Azlaroc* which is certainly in the running for the title of Strangest Science Fiction Novel of All Time. He wrote *Octagon*, one of the first (and most successful) novels about virtual reality, as well as the wonked-out *Century of Progress*, *Love Conquers All*, and *The White Bull*. He collaborated with Fred-1 on the *Pilgrim*

series, and with Roger Zelazny on *Coils and The Black Throne*. Fred-3 writes wildly experimental works that mix outrageous, imaginative concepts with sometimes unconventional narrative strategies. His works could never be mistaken for those of Fred-1 or Fred-2. I have to say that, without any prejudice to the others, that Fred-3 is my favorite Fred.

Fred-3's latest book was *Dancing Bears* which concerned werebears in Siberia — who else would ever write a book like that?

But what of the other Freds? What about Fred-4 and Fred-5?

Fred-4 is a civil servant and chess master who works for a branch of government that does not officially exist, but whose hand may be seen behind any number of recent events. (The fall of the Berlin wall. The release of Nelson Mandela from prison. And, perhaps most sinister and revealing of all, the appearance of Bugs Bunny on a US postage stamp.) Fred-4, like Mycroft Holmes, sometimes

is the government. Perhaps this explains Fred-2's fascination with the Holmes mythos, demonstrated in such works as *The Holmes-Dracula File* and *Seance for a Vampire*, and with chess, as demonstrated by the collection *Pawn to Infinity*.

Fred-5 describes himself as a "researcher." The other brothers don't talk about him much, but there are rumors of his fantastic inventions, his brooding melancholy, his strange and solitary lifestyle, and the fantastic music, on guitar and violin, with which he accompanies his uncanny thoughts. Think of Victor Von Doom on a *really bad day*. Perhaps he makes a guest appearance as Poe in *The Black Throne*.

With so many Freds wandering around the World Fantasy Convention, you're likely to meet one of them somewhere. They are all — with the exception of Fred-5 — perfectly amiable, and willing to chat with anyone who shares an interest in Sherlock Holmes, chess, Edgar Allan Poe, Dracula, or any of the other interests which the Freds demonstrate in their books.

Do not ask which one of the Freds you are talking to any given moment. You should know this.

Which brings me back to my original conversation. "Is Fred's wife Joan coming to World Fantasy as well?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Which one?" I asked.

There was another moment's pause, and then he responded with frigid dignity. "Let's not make this too complicated," he said.

Okay. Let's not.



JOAN SABERHAGEN

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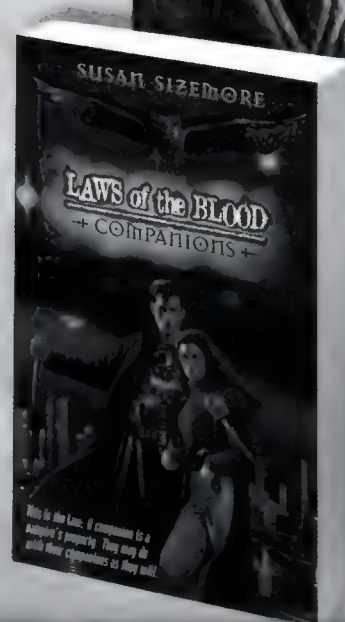
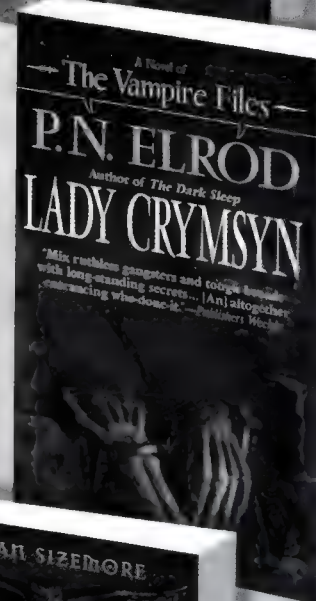
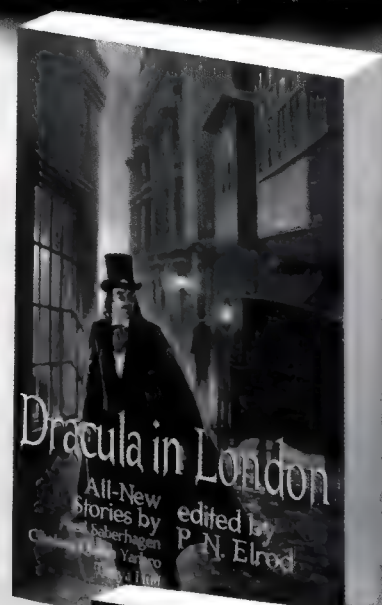
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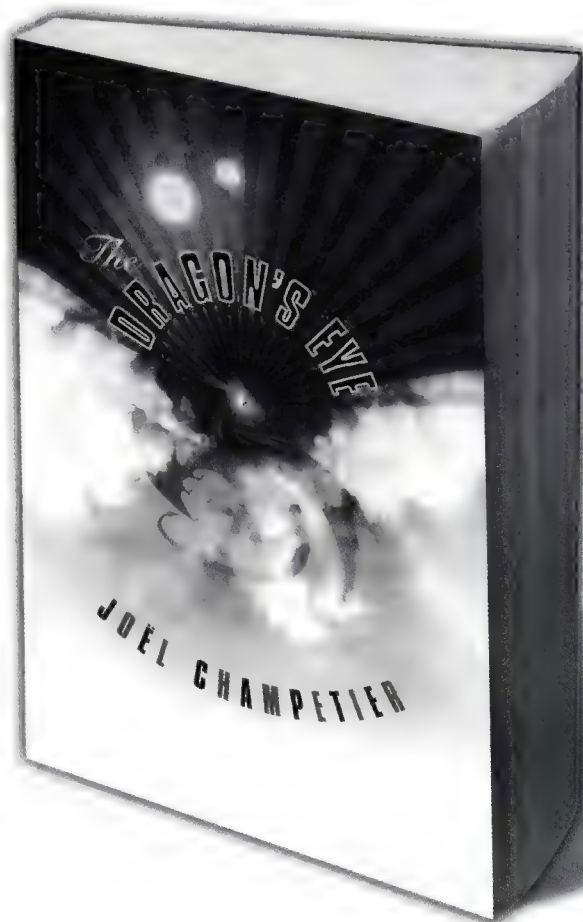
2001



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—*Library Journal*

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Biography of Joël Champetier

I was born in Lacorne, a very small village in Abitibi, the northwestern part of Québec. My father is from France. A chemist, he was attracted to Canada by the flourishing mining industry of the times. My mother's French ancestors came to North-America in 1657. I never fail to tell Europeans that I also have a few drops of Indian blood: seems I could be recognized as a Metis if the paperwork involved was not so daunting.

As a kid, my health was bad, and I was frequently hospitalized for asthma complications. It was in the hospital that I read my first novels, and I was introduced to science fiction. This particular recollection has stayed very fresh — the novel was *Les Chasseurs de dinosaures* (*Dinosaur Hunters*), from a very popular french adventure series featuring a hero named Bob Morane. Traveling through time to hunt dinosaurs... can you imagine the shock of such a notion on an imaginative young boy's mind? I was instantly hooked on science fiction, and reading fantasy came naturally after that. Imagination and wonder comes in different colors and taste, each one delectable.

My father moved with the opening and closing of the mines. I lived in several mining towns in northern Ontario and Québec, and my father moved us closer to Montréal in the



VALÉRIE BEDARD

beginning of the seventies. Constantly losing your friends and always being in a new school makes one an introvert. I spent my teenage years at the library, reading books.

I studied plastics, to be a technician. My parents are loving, reasonable, rational people, and reading was encouraged, but the prospect of being a writer was not thinkable. One needs a job, to support himself and his family... and art is not a job. After school, I worked for ten years designing and repairing electrochemical machines for photographic laboratories. Very specialized work.

Meanwhile I had discovered the magazine “Solaris” and burgeoning Québec fandom. About once a year, I published a short story, generally well received: my first short story won a Boréal Award. In 1986 my wife graduated from med school and went to work in Abitibi (700 km north from Montréal). Following her meant that I would lose my job, so I decided to work seriously at writing.

Since that time I published over twenty short-stories, some of them collected in *Cœur de fer* (*Heart of Iron*), seven young adult novels in Médiaspaul’s ‘Jeunesse-Pop’ collection, and four adult novels: *La Taupe et le Dragon*, a science fiction adventure novel that was also published as *The Dragon’s Eye* at Tor Books, *La Mémoire du lac*, (*Memory of the Lake*) a dark fantasy novel published in 1994 (both at QuébecAmérique, both reprinted in French at my new editor, Les Éditions Alire), *La Peau blanche*, (*White Skin*) another dark fantasy for which I also wrote a screenplay. (Don’t hold your breath for the finished movie... everything you read about moviemaking is true.)

My last original novel published is *L’Aile du papillon* (*Wing of the Butterfly*), a mystery with strong fantasmagorical events — one of the points of view is through the eyes of a young autistic boy. I have just finished writing my last novel, *Les Sources de la magie* (*The Source of Magic* — note that Piers Anthony’s well known novel is not titled that way in French) a genre fantasy with sorcerers and magic and humor, in the same world of Contremont, where the plot of five of my young adult books unfolds. I always like to alternate dark novels with lighter ones.

Readers and critics have been nice to me. I was nominated for quite a bit of awards, and I actually won a few. I was awarded some Prix Boréal over the years, I won 1995’s Aurora Award for Best Canadian SF or Fantasy Book in French for *La Mémoire du lac*. For the same novel, and one of my YA fantasy novels, I won the Grand prix de la science-fiction et du fantastique québécois. Three of my stories appeared in English translation, including “Soluble-Fish” in *Tesseract 2* (reprinted in *Northern Stars*, Tor), and “Heart of Iron” in *Tesseract Q*.

In 1983, I began being involved with the publication of “Solaris.” I took charge of mailing, which I still do, although I am also the editor now. With the internet, it is possible to do all this from Proulxville, the small village where I have been living for the last 5 years, with my wife Valérie and my two dogs, next to a river and an old mill. Very bucolic. Did I mention the horse? Yes, my wife owns a horse.

It must be clear by now that I keep myself busy, and like most writers, I have a lot of projects, more that I will be able to do in only one lifetime. *Les Sources de la magie* is scheduled for the end of 2001, or beginning of 2002, and when we meet at the World Fantasy Con I should be working on a sequel to *The Dragon’s Eye*. Being a guest at the WFC is an honor of such proportion that it borders on the surreal, so if you miss me by my photograph, you should still recognize me by my dazed and incredulous look.



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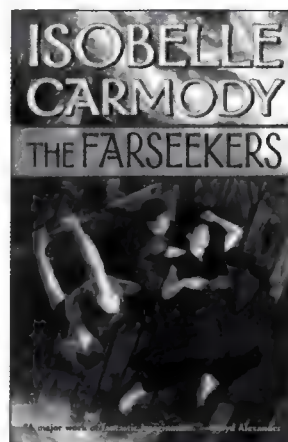
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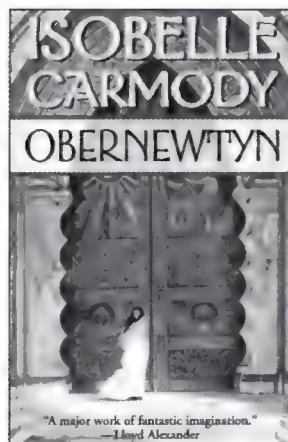
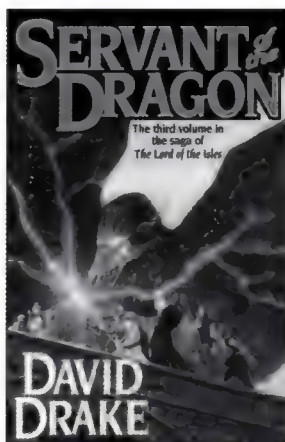


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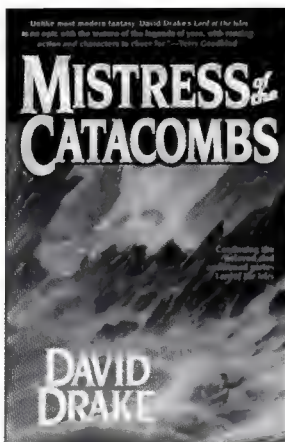
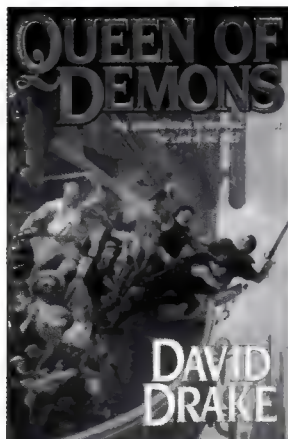
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Dragonmaster

by Karen Haber

(First appearing in *Realms of Fantasy* 2001)

Donato Giancola is a dragonmaster. No, he doesn't ride them. He paints them, in loving detail, with such careful attention to musculature and skeletal construction that you would swear these colorful beasts actually existed.

"I decided that I would take my dragons more seriously," says the New York-based artist. "I wanted to make them real creatures. Weight-bearing beasts of burden in certain instances, and in others, battle-ready."

In order to do so he resorted to the antithesis of fantasy, science. He spent hours thinking about how a dragon's wings might attach to its body, and doing extensive research on anatomical structure. His primary inspiration came from dinosaurs and bats. "I thought of the dragons as large bats with little Tyrannosaurus Rex feet in front."

It was the sort of challenge he most enjoys. "A creative challenge is where I have the most fun. Especially when it involves research." Especially when the task requires him to visit the Strand Bookstore, where he can revel in his favorite research tools, books.

That research has paid off in works like 'Dragonsight,' and 'Dragonshadow,' where the dizzying perspective, luscious color, and treatment of light distinguish these paintings as something special. In 'Dragonflight,' the translucence of the backlit wing membrane reminds the viewer of the marbled texture of Earth as seen from space. In 'Dragonshadow' the wings shimmer with all the color and delicacy of butterfly wings.

But Donato is much more than a master of dragons. This Chesley and other award winning artist, a painter of both fantasy and science fictional subject matter, is a longtime fantasy fan.



NAOMI GIANCOLA

"I was a gaming addict," he remembers. "Appropriately enough, I started off with Dungeons & Dragons. Eventually, I began to modify the rules, increase spells, etc. Finally, I came up with my own game. I would make my own map grids, even my own grid paper. I guess I wasn't happy playing in somebody else's imagination."

His older brother introduced him to J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit*, and from there he immersed himself in the literature of science fiction and fantasy.

"I've always loved *The Hobbit* and all of J.R.R. Tolkien's work. That's why I was so excited to receive the assignment from the Science Fiction Book Club to paint covers for the reissued *Lord of the Rings* and *The Hobbit*. I'm a big fan and these paintings were very, very satisfying on both a personal and professional level."

What's more, they brought about a change in his artistic perspective. "I'm more interested in the painting as a finished object now than I was,"

he says. "I'm more concerned about it as a beautiful object in and of itself." What this means is that Donato is spending more time in the studio working on larger more personal paintings, focusing his work more towards individual collectors and buyers than art directors.

"I'm really excited and gratified by the amount of interest that collectors have shown in my work. It's motivated me to do more personal paintings."

Whether he's painting portraits, book covers, or collectible gaming cards, Donato employs the time-honored techniques of Northern Renaissance artists like Rembrandt and Hans Memling. Then he adds a pinch of Islamic pattern or, perhaps, Cubist fragmentation just to keep things interesting.

"I rarely use any vanishing point perspective. It's the cubist influence: fracturing the vectors. I watch for strange overlaps or foreshortening. I'm very, very conscious of composing my pictures along a two-dimensional layout. That helps them read graphically."

Donato relies on classical technique as the foundation of his fantastic visions. “I’m still learning. Copying artists is one way to do it. I really believe in looking at other artists. Their craft, their ideas. That’s why being in New York,

with access to the museums, is so important. Being able to stand in front of a fifteen foot painting instead of flipping through a catalog really makes a difference.”

Although he admires computer-generated art, he says that it's not for him. "Drawing is what dictates my artistic choices. I want to be able to meld the idea of abstraction — pure gesture — with the reality of what I'm going to make. The computer is a useful research tool but it hasn't replaced my love of books."

Donato's appreciation of old world traditions in art began with his family's love of handmade objects. "My grandfather worked in stone and I've always cherished the things that he made. When I teach, I feel like I want to pass on my love of craft. It's a legacy."

“That’s why I view each painting as a work of craft. I want it to be much more than an illustration.”

Like many successful artists, Donato demonstrated his gifts early. "My first paintings were probably cave paintings in my mother's womb." From the age of six he drew tanks and aircraft based on the war comic books he read and models he made. A huge roll of paper, the gift of his uncle, enabled him to draw epic pictures, thirty or forty-foot-long battle scenes, with his younger brother.

Science fiction and fantasy entered his life with the *Star Wars* movies. “*Star Wars* was a big influence,” he says. “*The Empire Strikes Back* was the movie for me. Chills still go up and down my spine each time I see it.” From there he moved on to *Dungeons and Dragons*, and the work of J.R.R. Tolkien. However, when it came time for college, he attempted to be practical. “People from Vermont don’t become artists,” he says sardonically. He signed up



DONATO GIANCOLA

to study electrical engineering. Unsurprisingly, he found that he was more interested in his mechanical drawing classes and, mid-term, dropped his engineering curriculum.

When the dust had settled was enrolled in the painting program at Syracuse University. "I was aiming for their illustration program but got into their painting program instead. And it's affected every creative decision I've made since."

"Studying painting really opened my mind up to the way we make art. I got to learn about abstraction, about art history, composition, color, and narrative story-telling."

Through Syracuse University he made contact with the professional illustration world, meeting artist representatives at portfolio previews. Donato quickly obtained representation and, diploma in hand, moved to New York to be closer to the action. But the hard work was just beginning.

By day he toiled at the Society of Illustrators. At night he would work long hours, sometimes until dawn, to provide samples for his rep, hoping that one would do the trick. Finally he got an assignment from Walmart: paint new covers for the classic science fiction novels *The Time Machine* by H.G. Wells, *Journey to the Center of the Earth* by Jules Verne, and *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* by Mark Twain. He was on his way.

Over a decade and several awards later, Donato has become increasingly interested in art for art's sake. "I'm focusing on quality now, not quantity."

Part of his artistic outlook is a deliberate determination to change the 'babes-in-bras' and 'heroes-in-battle' formulae of fantastic art. "I want to break the stereotypical icons of the genre. I'm trying to make males look heroic through body language or lighting without being in conflict. And I prefer to use untypical models."

In *Mother of Winter*, (Barbara Hambly, Ballantine) Donato achieved several goals. "I really pushed hard to do a beautiful elderly woman on

the cover. And I appropriated the curvilinear patterns of Islamic art to tie the painting together, overlaying the image and integrating it. So I met the publisher's needs for an attractive subject and mine as well." (A science note here: the machinery Donato depicted in this work is a detail from the Babbage analytical engine, a precursor of the computer.)

For accuracy he uses photographic references, either posing and shooting them himself or using professional photographers and models. Of course, sometimes the models are less than professional: for the cover painting *The Queen of Demons*, (David Drake, Tor), Donato shanghaied fellow artists Stephen Youll, Steve Ellis, and Dorian Vallejo as models for a tricky bit of action. "They're on the far right of the painting: that's Stephen being tackled by Steve, and breaking through the stair railing as Dorian swings a mace nearby."

In case you're wondering, Donato himself makes an appearance in the painting. He's the bearded figure on the stairs. "I'm the getting ready to run away."

In addition to the Chesley Award for best product illustration, 2000, he's received a gold award from 'Spectrum VII: The Best of Contemporary Fantastic Art,' and the Jack Gaughan Award for Best Emerging Artist at Boskone 35 in 1998. That same year was Artist Guest of Honor at Lunacon where he received Best of Show and Best Professional Artist awards.

Donato enjoys the awards but says that he's in it for more than the accolades or even the paycheck. "Craft comes first," Donato says. "I'm concerned with making a nice painting. It has to work for me as an object first, a painting in and of itself, before it can work for anybody else."

Fans of fantastic art won't want to miss Donato's website: www.donatoart.com

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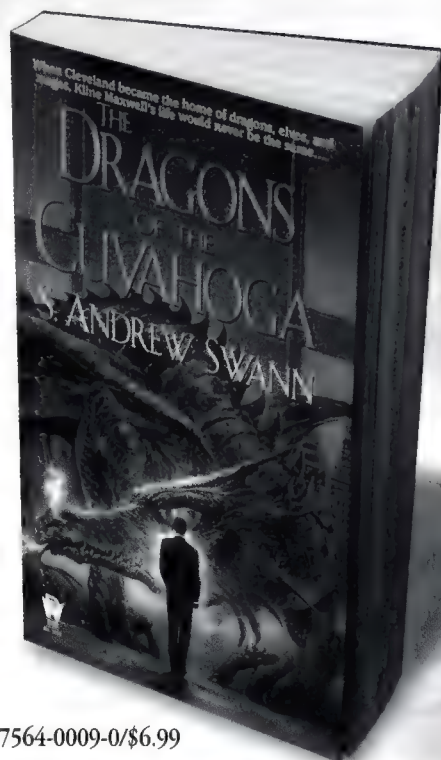
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Biography of Charles de Lint

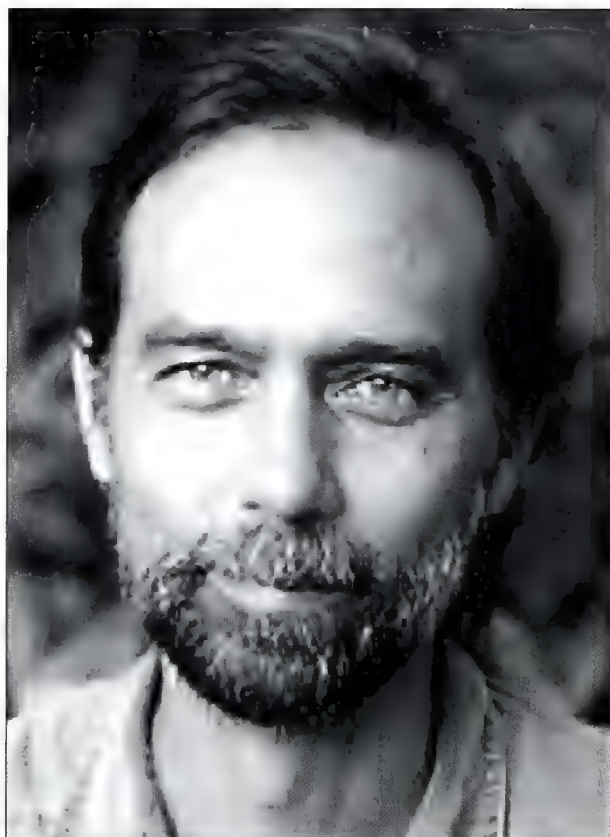
Charles de Lint was born in the Netherlands and is now a citizen of Canada. He grew up in places as diverse as the Yukon, Turkey, Lebanon, and the province of Québec. A full-time writer and musician, he lives in Ottawa, Ontario, with his wife MaryAnn Harris, an artist and musician.

De Lint is widely credited as having pioneered the contemporary fantasy genre. *Moonheart*, his ground-breaking 1984 urban fantasy novel, remains in print some 17 years later, and enjoys the privilege of being Tor's best-selling trade paperback for their Orb line. With 46 books published to date (plus many foreign editions and reprints), Charles de Lint has solidly established his place as a leading writer in his field. "I call my writing 'mythic fiction,'" says de Lint, "because it's basically mainstream writing that incorporates elements of myth and folktale, rather than secondary world fantasy. I've written the latter, to be sure, but an overall view of my work will show that such stories are very much the exception, rather than the rule." De Lint has also had three horror novels published under the pseudonym Samuel M. Key, and served two terms as Vice President of the Horror Writers Association.

De Lint has an extremely dedicated and loyal readership. In 1998, Modern Library (a division of Random House) established an online readers' poll where Internet visitors voted for their favourite novels published in the 20th century. When the poll closed, eight de Lint novels were among the top 100 on the list, four of them in the top 50. He regards his greatest artistic achievement as the moment "when a reader tells me that something I've written has inspired them to go out and create something of their own. Or that the story has helped them

through a difficult time or inspired them to help others. Or that it has simply swallowed them whole to such an extent that the written world was as real as the one they live in." De Lint also hopes his stories will encourage people to "pay attention to how many special things there are in the real world. A lot of the supernatural or magical elements in the books stand in, metaphorically, for things that are already in the world as it is, so, if you believe in a more positive world, you can certainly work toward creating that."

De Lint has been a finalist 13 times over for the World Fantasy Award. In October 2000, his short story collection *Moonlight and Vines* won the World Fantasy Award for Best Collection. These stories are set in de Lint's popular fictional city of Newford, as were those in two previous short story collections, *Dreams Underfoot*



MARYANN HARRIS

and *The Ivory and the Horn*. A fourth Newford short story collection is in progress.

He won the 1984 William L. Crawford Award for Best New Fantasy Author (for his novel *Moonheart*); and the 1988 Canadian SF/Fantasy Award (the Aurora) for his novel *Jack the Giant-killer*. His novel *The Little Country* was chosen for the New York Public Library's 1992 "Best Books for the Teen Age," and he won the 1997 Prix Ozone for Best Foreign Fantasy Short Story for "Timeskip" (translated as "Comme un disque rayé" in *Territoires de l'inquiétude* 9, Denoel, France 1996). His novel *Trader* won the American Library Association's 1998 YALSA Award — "Best Books for Young Adults." His novel *Forests of the Heart* was a finalist for both the 2001 Nebula Awards, as well as the Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Adult Literature.

A limited hardcover collection of short stories titled *Triskell Tales: 22 Years of Chapbooks*, published by Subterranean Press in October 2000, sold out within seven months of publication. A mystery novel, *The Road To Lisdoonvarna*, was published by Subterranean Press in June 2001. October 2001 will see publication of a new novel, *The Onion Girl*, (Tor Books). *Seven Wild Sisters*, a new short novel will be released by Subterranean Press in early 2002.

A respected critic in his field, de Lint has been a judge for several prestigious awards, including the Nebula Award, the World Fantasy Award, the Theodore Sturgeon Award and the Bram Stoker Award. His non-fiction includes entries to encyclopedias, critical essays, book reviews, music reviews and opinion columns. He is currently the primary book reviewer for "The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction" (US).

De Lint has been writer-in-residence at two Ottawa-area libraries and has taught several creative writing workshops in Canada and the United States.

A professional musician for over 25 years, specializing in traditional and contemporary Celtic and American roots music, de Lint's main instruments are flute, fiddle, whistles, vocals and guitar, while MaryAnn's are mandolin, guitar, vocals and bodhran (Irish drum). Both are songwriters.

For more information about Charles de Lint, visit his personal website at www.charlesdelint.com.

Awards

- 2000 World Fantasy Award, Best Collection, for short story collection *Moonlight and Vines* (Tor, 1999).
- 1998 YALSA Award, Best Books for Young Adults, for the novel *Trader* (Tor, 1997), selected by the Young Adult Library Services Association/American Library Association.
- 1997 Prix Ozone, Best Foreign Fantasy Short Story, for "Timeskip" (translated as "Comme un disque rayé" in *Territoires de l'inquiétude* 9, Denoel, 1996)
- 1992 New York Public Library's Best Books for the Teen Age, for the novel *The Little Country* (Morrow, 1991).
- The 1992 HOMer Award, Best Fantasy Novel, presented by the CompuServe Science Fiction & Fantasy Forum, for *The Little Country* (Morrow, 1991).
- 1991 Reality 1 Commendations, Best Fantasy Author Award (known as the RICKie), presented by TV Ontario's PRISONERS OF GRAVITY.
- 1989 Readercon Small Press Award, Best Short Work, for the short story "The Drowned Man's Reel" (Triskell Press, 1988).
- 1988 Canadian SF/Fantasy Award: the Aurora (formerly known as the Casper), Best Work in English, for the novel *Jack, the Giant-killer* (Ace, 1987).
- 1984, First annual William L. Crawford Award, Best New Fantasy Author, presented by the International Association for the Fantastic in the Arts.

1982 Small Press and Artists Organization Award for Fiction.

Review & Opinion Columns

"Books to Look For" – *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*

"Recommended Reading" – BarnesandNoble.com

Occasional book reviews – *The Ottawa Citizen*

Occasional music reviews – *Canadian Folk Music Bulletin*

Guest of Honour Appearances

AggieCon 32 (College Station, TX; March 22-25, 2001)

ConCat (Knoxville, TN; November 24-26, 2000)

WisCon (Madison, WI; May 26-28, 2000)

CONduit (Salt Lake City, UT; May 19-21, 2000)

Ad Astra (Toronto, ON; February 18-20, 2000)

World Fantasy Convention (Providence, RI; November 1999)

InCon (Spokane, WA; October 1999)

ICON (Iowa City, IA; October 1998)

CanCon (Ottawa; May 1996)

World Horror Convention (Eugene, OR; May 1996)

Chattacon (Chattanooga, TN; January 1996)

SoonerCon (Oklahoma City, OK; 1994)

AggieCon 25 (College Station, TX; 1994)

V-Con 20 (Vancouver BC, 1993)

Keycon '90 (Winnipeg, MB; music GoH - with MaryAnn)

Congenial '90 (Racine, WI)

Silicon '89 (San Jose, CA)

ConText '89 (Edmonton, AB)

Keycon 5/Canvention 8 (Winnipeg, MB; 1988)

The 17th Annual Conference of the Mythopoeic Society (Long Beach, CA; 1986)

Judge/Juryships

Nebula Short Story Awards Jury (1999/2000)

The Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Short Fiction Award Committee (1987-1996)

The Horror Writers of America Awards Oversight Committee (1993)

The Nebula Awards Jury (1988)

The Horror Writers of America Awards Oversight Committee (Chairman; 1987)

The World Fantasy Awards Committee (1986)

The William L. Crawford Award Committee (1985)



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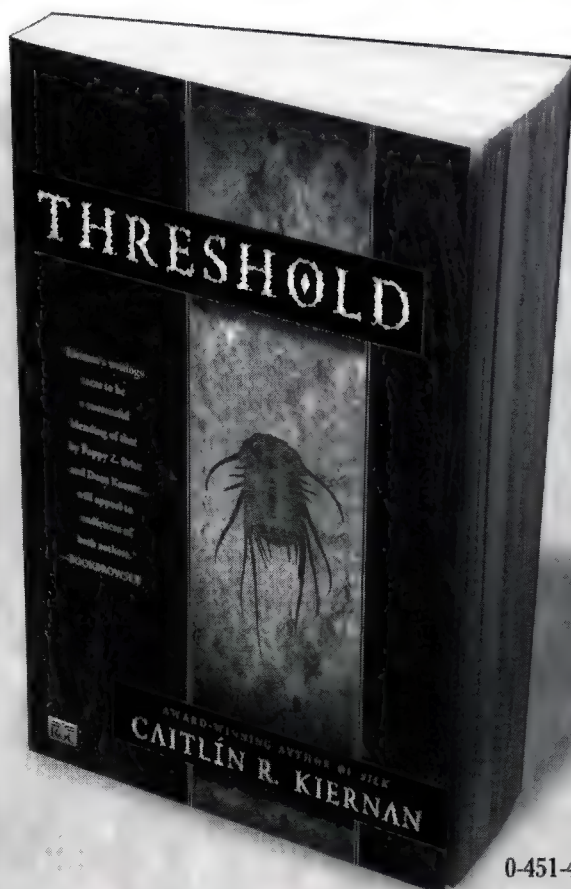
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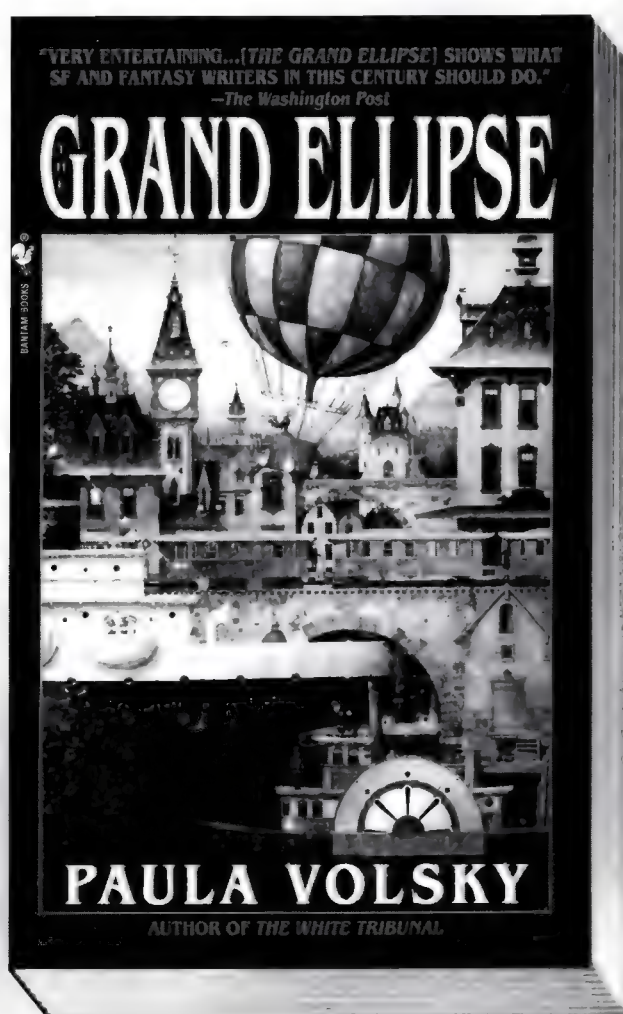
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2001 World Fantasy Award Nominations

BEST NOVEL

Lord of Emperors by Guy Gavriel Kay
Perdido Street Station by China Mieville
Declare by Tim Powers
His Dark Materials 3: The Amber Spyglass by Philip Pullman
Galveston by Sean Stewart
The Grande Ellipse by Paula Volsky

BEST NOVELLA

"Blue Kansas Sky" by Michael Bishop
"Pelican Cay" by David Case
"Seventy-Two Letters" by Ted Chiang
"Mr. Simonelli or the Fairy Widower" by Susanna Clark
"Chip Crockett's Christmas Card" by Elizabeth Hand
"Mr. Dark's Carnival" by Glen Hirshberg
"The Man on the Ceiling" by Steve Rasnic Tem & Melanie Tem

BEST SHORT FICTION

"The Saltimbanques" by Terry Dowling
"Lincoln in Frogmore" by Andy Duncan
"The Pottawatomie Giant" by Andy Duncan
"Shoe and Marriage" by Kelly Link
"Is There Anybody There?" by Kim Newman
"The Raggle Taggle Gypsy-O" by Michael Swanwick
"Down Here in the Garden" by Tia V. Travis

BEST ANTHOLOGY

The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror: Thirteenth Annual Collection, edited by Ellen Datlow & Terri Windling
Vanishing Acts, edited by Ellen Datlow
whispers from the cotton tree root: caribbean fabulist fiction, edited by Nalo Hopkinson
Dark Terrors 5: The Gollancz Book of Horror, edited by Stephen Jones & David Sutton
Shadows and Silence, edited by Barbara Roden & Christopher Roden
Dark Matter: A Century of Speculative Fiction from the African Diaspora, edited by Thomas Sheree

BEST COLLECTION

Perpetuity Blues and Other Stories by Neal J. Barrett, Jr.
Backwater Days by Terry Dowling
Beluthahatchie and Other Stories by Andy Duncan
Travel Arrangements by John M. Harrison
Magic Terror: Seven Tales by Peter Straub
The Perseids and Other Stories by Robert Charles Wilson

BEST ARTIST

Jim Burns	Kinuko Y. Craft
Les Edwards	Daniel Merriam
John Jude Palencar	Shaun Tan

SPECIAL AWARD — PROFESSIONAL

Ellen Datlow for editing Science Fiction and anthologies
Arnie Fenner & Cathy Fenner for *Spectrum 7: The Best in Contemporary Fantastic Art*
William Schaeffer for Subterranean Press
Tom Shippey for *J.R.R. Tolkien: Author of the Century*
Gary Turner & Marty Halpern for Golden Gryphon Press

SPECIAL AWARD — NON-PROFESSIONAL

Benjamin Cossel, Jeremy Lassen & Jason Williams for Nightshade Press
Peter Crowther for PS Publishing
Philip J. Rahman & Dennis E. Weiler for Fedogan & Bremer
Barbara Roden & Christopher Roden for Ash-Tree Press
Bill Sheehan for *At the Foot of the Story Tree: An Inquiry into the Fiction of Peter Straub*

LIFE ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

Nominees not announced in advance.

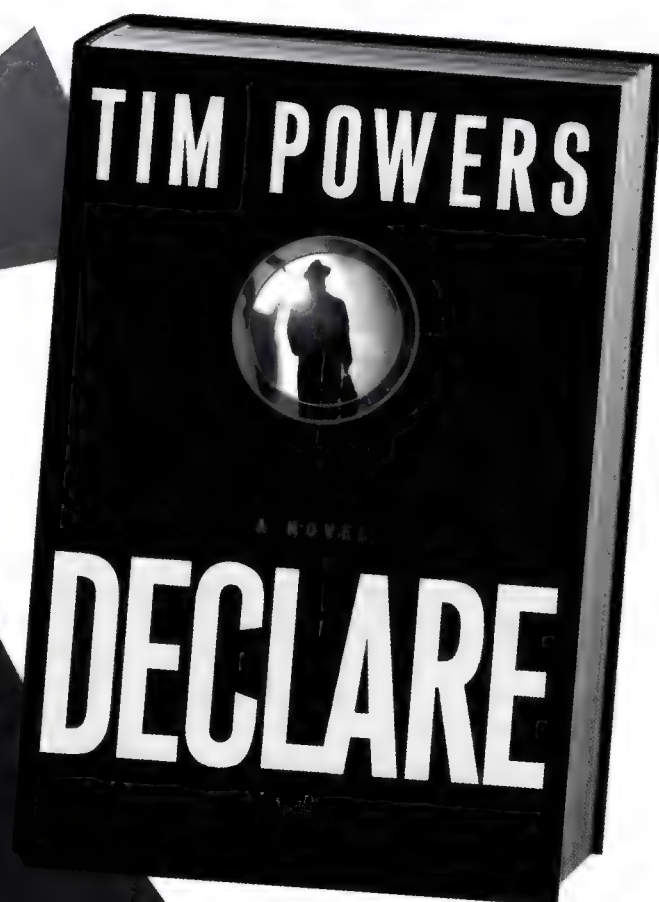
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World Fantasy Awards

Previous Winners

1975 Awarded in Providence, Rhode Island

Life Achievement: Robert Bloch
 Best Novel: *The Forgotten Beasts of Eld*
 by Patricia McKillip
 Best Short Fiction: "Pages from a Young Girl's
 Diary" by Robert Aickman
 Best Anthology/Collection: *Worse Things
 Waiting* by Manly Wade Wellman
 Best Artist: Lee Brown Coye
 Special Award (Professional): Ian and
 Betty Ballantine
 Special Award (Non-Professional):
 Stuart David Schiff

1976 Awarded in New York, New York

Life Achievement: Fritz Leiber
 Best Novel: *Bid Time Return*
 by Richard Matheson
 Best Short Fiction: "Belsen Express"
 by Fritz Leiber
 Best Anthology/Collection: *The Enquiries of
 Dr. Esterhazy* by Avram Davidson
 Best Artist: Frank Frazetta
 Special Award (Professional): Donald Grant
 Special Award (Non-Professional): Carcosa Press
 – Karl Edward Wagner

1977 Awarded in Los Angeles, California

Life Achievement: Ray Bradbury
 Best Novel: *Doctor Rat* by William Kotzwick
 Best Short Fiction: "There's a Long, Long Trail
 A-Winding" by Russell Kirk
 Best Anthology/Collection: *Frights* edited by
 Kirby McCauley
 Best Artist: Roger Dean
 Special Award (Professional):
 Alternate World Recordings
 Special Award (Non-Professional):
 Stuart David Schiff

1978 Awarded in Fort Worth, Texas

Life Achievement: Frank Belknap Long
 Best Novel: *Our Lady of Darkness* by Fritz Leiber
 Best Short Fiction: "The Chimney"
 by Ramsey Campbell
 Best Anthology/Collection: *Murgunstrumm and
 Others* by Hugh B. Cave
 Best Artist: Lee Brown Coye

Special Award (Professional): E. F. Bleiler

Special Award (Non-Professional):

Robert Weinberg

Convention Award: Glenn Lord

1979 Awarded in Providence, Rhode Island

Life Achievement: Jorge Luis Borges
 Best Novel: *Gloriana* by Michael Moorcock
 Best Short Fiction: "Naples" by Avram Davidson
 Best Anthology/Collection: *Shadows* edited by
 Charles L. Grant
 Best Artist: (tie) Alicia Austin/Dale Enzenbacher
 Special Award (Professional): Edward L. Ferman
 Special Award (Non-Professional):
 Donald H. Tuck
 Convention Award: Kirby McCauley

1980 Awarded in Baltimore, Maryland

Life Achievement: Manly Wade Wellman
 Best Novel: *Watchtower* by Elizabeth A. Lynn
 Best Short Fiction: (tie) "The Woman Who
 Loved the Moon" by Elizabeth A. Lynn/
 "Mackintosh Willy" by Ramsey Campbell
 Best Anthology/Collection: *Amazons!*
 by Jessica Amanda Salmonson
 Best Artist: Don Maitz
 Special Award (Professional): Donald M. Grant
 Special Award (Non-Professional): Paul Allen
 Convention Award: Stephen King

1981 Awarded in Berkeley, California

Life Achievement: C. L. Moore
 Best Novel: *The Shadow of the Torturer*
 by Gene Wolfe
 Best Short Fiction: "The Ugly Chickens"
 by Howard Waldrop
 Best Anthology/Collection: *Dark Forces* edited
 by Kirby McCauley
 Best Artist: Michael Whelan
 Special Award (Professional):
 Donald A. Wollheim
 Special Award (Non-Professional): Pat Cardigan
 & Arnold Fenner
 Convention Award: Gahan Wilson

1982 Awarded in New Haven, Connecticut

Life Achievement: Italo Calvino
 Best Novel: *Little, Big* by John Crowley

Best Novella: "The Fire When it Comes"

by Parke Godwin

Best Short Fiction: "The Dark Country"

by Dennis Etchison

Best Anthology/Collection: *Elsewhere* edited by
Terri Windling & Mark Arnold

Best Artist: Michael Whelan

Special Award (Professional): Edward L. Ferman

Special Award (Non-Professional): Robert Collins

Convention Award: Joseph Payne Brennan &
Roy Krenkel

1983 Awarded in Chicago, Illinois

Life Achievement: Ronald Dahl

Best Novel: *Niffy the Lean* by Michael Shea

Best Novella: "Confess the Seasons"
by Charles L. Grant

Best Short Fiction: "The Gorgon" by Tanith Lee

Best Anthology/Collection: *Nightmare Seasons*
by Charles L. Grant

Best Artist: Michael Whelan

Special Award (Professional): Donald M. Grant

Special Award (Non-Professional):
Stuart David Schiff

Convention Award: Arkham House

1984 Awarded in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Life Achievement (voted by the previous winners): L. Sprague de Camp, Richard
Matheson, E. Hoffmann Price, Jack Vance &
Donald Wandrei

Best Novel: *The Dragon Waiting*
by John M. Ford

Best Novella: "Black Air"
by Kim Stanley Robinson

Best Short Fiction: "Elle Est Troi (La Mort)"
by Tanith Lee

Best Anthology/Collection: *High Spirits*
by Robertson Davies

Best Artist: Stephen Gervais

Special Award (Professional): Ian & Betty
Ballantine, Joy Chant & George Sharp

Special Award (Non-Professional):
Stephen Jones & David A. Sutton

Convention Award: Donald M. Grant

1985 Awarded in Tucson, Arizona

Life Achievement: Theodore Sturgeon

Best Novel: *The Bridge of Birds* by Barry Hughart

Best Novella: "The Unconquered Country" by
Geoff Ruman

Best Short Fiction: "Still Life with Scorpion"
by Scott Baker

Best Anthology/Collection: *Clive Barker's Books
of Blood 1, 2 & 3* by Clive Barker

Best Artist: Edward Gorey

Special Award (Professional): Chris Van Allsburg

Special Award (Non-Professional):
Stuart David Schiff

Convention Award: Evangeline Walton

1986 Awarded in Providence, Rhode Island

Life Achievement: Avram Davidson

Best Novel: *Song of Kali* by Dan Simmons

Best Novella: "Nadelman's God" by T.E.D. Klein
Best Short Fiction: "Paper Dragons" by James
Blaylock

Best Anthology/Collection: *Imaginary Lands*
edited by Robin McKinley

Best Artist: (tie) Jeff Jones/Thomas Canty

Special Award (Professional): Pat LoBrutto

Special Award (Non-Professional):
Douglas E. Winter

Convention Award: Donald A. Wollheim

1987 Awarded in Nashville, Tennessee

Life Achievement: Jack Finney

Best Novel: *Perfume* by Patrick Suskind

Best Novella: "Hatrack River"
by Orson Scott Card

Best Short Fiction: "Red Light" by David J. Schow

Best Anthology/Collection: *Tales of the
QuintanaRoo* by James Tiptree, Jr.

Best Artist: Robert Gould

Special Award (Professional): Jane Yolen

Special Award (Non-Professional) (tie): Jeff
Connor/W. Paul Ganley

Convention Award: Andre Norton

1988 Awarded in London, England

Life Achievement: Everett F. Bleiler

Best Novel: *Replay* by Ken Grimwood

Best Novella: "Buffalo Gals Won't You Come
Out Tonight" by Ursula K. LeGuin

Best Short Fiction: "Friend's Best Man"
by Jonathan Carroll

Best Anthology: (tie) *The Architecture of Fear*
edited by Kathryn Cramer & Peter D.
Pautz/*The Dark Descent* edited by
David G. Hartwell

Best Collection: *The Jaguar Hunter*
by Lucius Shepard

Best Artist: J. K. Potter

Special Award (Professional): David G. Hartwell

Special Award (Non-Professional): (tie)
David B. Silva/Robert & Nancy Garcia

Special Award (Non-Professional):
Richard Chizmar

1989 Awarded in Seattle, Washington

Life Achievement: Evangeline Walton
Best Novel: *Koko* by Peter Straub
Best Novella: "The Skin Trade"
by George R. R. Martin
Best Short Fiction: "Winter Solstice, Camelot
Station" by John M. Ford
Best Anthology: *The Year's Best Fantasy: First
Annual Collection* edited by Ellen Datlow &
Terri Windling
Best Collection: *Angry Candy* by Harlan Ellison
Best Artist: Edward Gorey
Special Award (Professional) (tie): Robert
Weinberg/Terri Windling
Special Award (Non-Professional): Kristine
Kathryn Rusch & Dean Wesley Smith

1990 Awarded in Chicago, Illinois

Life Achievement: R. A. Lafferty
Best Novel: *Madouc* by Jack Vance
Best Novella: "Great Work of Time"
by John Crowley
Best Short Fiction: "The Illusionist"
by Steve Millhauser
Best Anthology: *The Year's Best Fantasy: Second
Annual Collection* edited by Ellen Datlow
and Terri Windling
Best Collection: *Richard Matheson: Collected
Stories* by Richard Matheson
Best Artist: Thomas Canty
Special Award (Professional): Mark Ziesing
Publications
Special Award (Non-Professional): *Grue
Magazine*, Peggy Nadramia

1991 Awarded in Tucson, Arizona

Life Achievement: Ray Russell
Best Novel (tie): *Only Begotten Daughter*
by James Morrow/*Thomas the Rhymer*
by Ellen Kushner
Best Novella: "Bones" by Jonathan Carroll
Best Short Fiction: "A Midsummer Night's
Dream" by Neil Gaiman & Charles Vess
Best Anthology: *Best New Horror* edited by
Stephen Jones & Ramsey Campbell
Best Collection: *The Start of the End of It All
and Other Stories* by Carol Emshwiller
Best Artist: Dave McKean
Special Award (Professional): Arnie Fenner

1992 Awarded in Pine Mountain, Georgia

Life Achievement: Edd Cartier
Best Novel: *Boy's Life* by Robert R. McCammon
Best Novella: "The Ragthorn"
by Robert Holdstock & Garry Kilworth
Best Short Fiction: "The Somewhere Doors"
by Fred Chappell
Best Anthology: *The Year's Best Fantasy: Fourth
Annual Collection* edited by Ellen Datlow &
Terri Windling
Best Collection: *The Ends of the Earth*
by Lucius Shepard
Best Artist: Tim Hildebrandt
Special Award (Professional): George Scithers &
Darrell Schweitzer
Special Award (Non-Professional):
W. Paul Ganley

1993 Awarded in Bloomington, Minnesota

Life Achievement: Harlan Ellison
Best Novel: *Last Call* by Tim Powers
Best Novella: "The Ghost Village" by Peter
Straub
Best Short Fiction (tie): "This Year's Class
Picture" by Dan Simmons/ "Graves" by Joe
Haldeman
Best Anthology: *MetaHorror* edited by Dennis
Etchison
Best Collection: *The Sons of Noah and Other
Stories* by Jack Cady
Best Artist: James Gurney
Special Award (Professional): Jeanne Cavelos
Special Award (Non-Professional):
Doug & Tomi Lewis

1994 Awarded in New Orleans, Louisiana

Life Achievement: Jack Williamson
Best Novel: *Glimpses* by Lewis Shiner
Best Novella: "Under the Crust"
by Terry Lamsley
Best Short Fiction: "The Lodger"
by Fred Chappell
Best Anthology: *Full Spectrum 4* edited by
Lou Aronica, Amy Stout & Betsy Mitchell
Best Collection: *Alone With the Horrors*
by Ramsey Campbell
Best Artist (tie): Alan M. Clark/J.K. Potter
Special Award (Professional): Underwood-Miller
Special Award (Non-Professional):
Marc Michaud

1995 Awarded in Baltimore, Maryland

Life Achievement: Ursula K. LeGuin
Best Novel: *Towing Jehovah* by James Morrow
Best Novella: "Last Summer at Mars Hill"
by Elizabeth Hand
Best Short Fiction: "The Man in the Black Suit"
by Stephen King
Best Anthology: *Little Deaths* edited by
Ellen Datlow
Best Collection: *The Calvin Coolidge Home for
Dead Comedians and a Conflagration Artist*
by Bradley Denton
Best Artist: Jacek Yerka
Special Award (Professional): Ellen Datlow
Special Award (Non-Professional): Bryan Cholfin

1996 Awarded in Schaumburg, Illinois

Life Achievement: Gene Wolfe
Best Novel: *The Prestige* by Christopher Priest
Best Novella: "Radio Waves"
by Michael Swanwick
Best Short Fiction: "The Grass Princess"
by Gwyneth Jones
Best Anthology: *The Penguin Book of Modern Fantasy by Women* edited by A. Susan Williams & Richard Glyn Jones
Best Collection: *Seven Tales and a Fable*
by Gwyneth Jones
Best Artist: Gahan Wilson
Special Award (Professional): Richard Evans
Special Award (Non-Professional):
Marc Michaud

1997 Awarded in London, England

Life Achievement: Madeline L'Engle
Best Novel: *Godmother Night* by Rachel Pollack
Best Novella: "A City in Winter"
by Mark Helprin
Best Short Fiction: "Thirteen Phantasms"
by James P. Blaylock
Best Anthology: *Starlight 1* edited by
Patrick Nielsen Hayden
Best Collection: *The Wall of the Sky, the Wall of
the Eye* by Jonathan Lethem
Best Artist: Moebius (Jean Giraud)
Special Award (Professional): Michael J. Weldon
Special Award (Non-Professional):
Barbara & Christopher Roden
Convention Award: Hugh B. Cave

1998 Awarded in Monterey, California

Life Achievement (tie): Edward L. Ferman
/Andre Norton
Best Novel: *The Physiognomy* by Jeffrey Ford
Best Novella: "Streetcar Dreams"
by Richard Bowes
Best Short Fiction: "Dust Motes" by P.D. Cacek
Best Anthology: *Bending the Landscape:
Fantasy* edited by Nicola Griffith
Best Collection: *The Throne of Bones*
by Brian McNaughton
Best Artist: Alan Lee
Special Award (Professional): John Clute &
John Grant
Special Award (Non-Professional): Fedogan &
Bremer

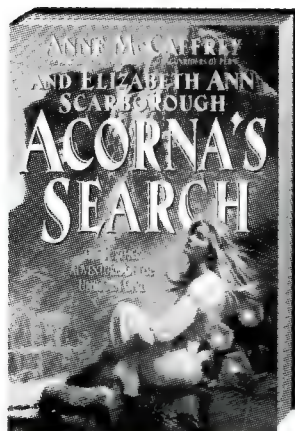
1999 Awarded in Providence, Rhode Island

Life Achievement: Hugh B. Cave
Best Novel: *The Antelope Wife* by Louise Erdrich
Best Novella: "The Summer Isles"
by Ian MacLeod
Best Short Fiction: "The Specialist's Hat"
by Kelly Link
Best Anthology: *Dreaming Down-Under*
edited by Jack Dann & Janeen Webb
Best Collection: *Black Glass* by Karen Joy Fowler
Best Artist: Charles Vess
Special Award (Professional): Jim Turner
Special Award (Non-Professional):
Richard Chizmar

2000 Awarded in Corpus Christi, Texas

Life Achievement (tie): Marion Zimmer Bradley/
Michael Moorcock
Best Novel: *Thraxas* by Martin Scott
Best Novella (tie): "The Transformation of
Martin Lake" by Jeff VanderMeer/
"Sky Eyes" by Laurel Winter
Best Short Fiction: "The Chop Girl"
by Ian R. MacLeod
Best Anthology: *Silver Birch Blood Moon* edited
by Ellen Datlow & Terri Windling
Best Collection (tie): *Moonlight and Vines*
by Charles de Lint/ *Reave the Just and
Other Tales* by Stephen R. Donaldson
Best Artist: Jason Van Hollander
Special Award (Professional):
Gordon Van Gelder
Special Award (Non-Professional):
The British Fantasy Society

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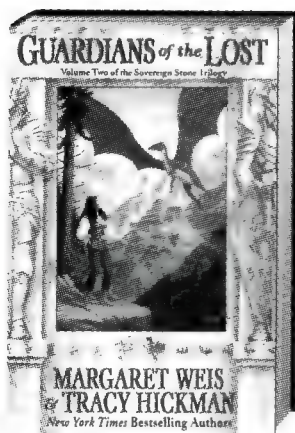
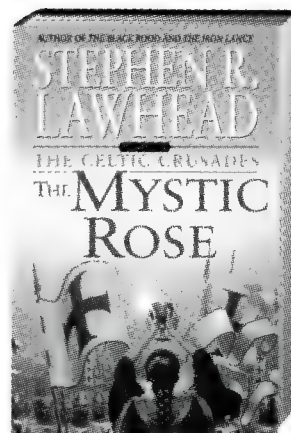
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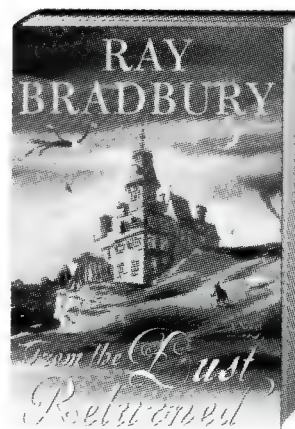
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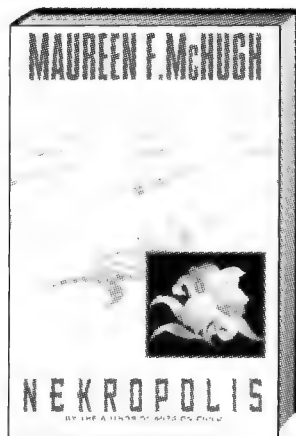
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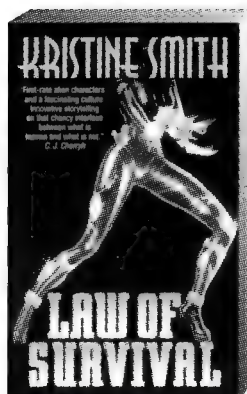
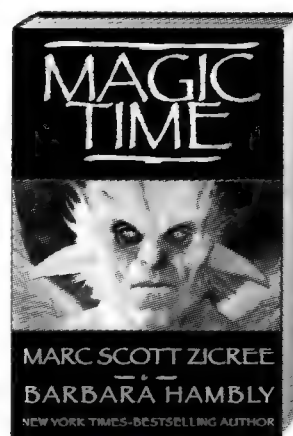
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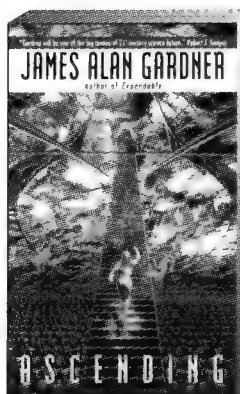
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A History of the World Fantasy Convention

1975: The 1st World Fantasy Convention

Site: Holiday Inn, Providence, Rhode Island
Theme: The Lovecraft Circle
Guest of Honor: Robert Bloch
Toastmaster: Gahan Wilson
Chairman: Kirby McCauley

1976: The 2nd World Fantasy Convention

Site: The Statler Hotel, New York, New York
Theme: Unknown Worlds
Guests of Honor: C. L. Moore, Michael Moorcock
Toastmaster: Gahan Wilson
Magister: Thom Anderson

1977: World Fantasy Convention III

Site: Los Angeles Biltmore, Los Angeles, California
Theme: Clark Ashton Smith
Guest of Honor: Richard Matheson
Toastmaster: Gahan Wilson
Chairman: Dennis Rickard

1978: The 4th World Fantasy Convention

Site: Sheraton Fort Worth Hotel, Fort Worth, Texas
Theme: Robert E. Howard
Guest of Honor: Fritz Leiber
Guest Artist: Alicia Austin
Toastmaster: (Scheduled) Gahan Wilson, (Actual)
Andy Offutt
Chairman: Michael Templin

1979: The 5th World Fantasy Convention

Site: Biltmore Hotel, Providence, Rhode Island
Theme: Reunion
Guests of Honor: Stephen King,
Frank Belknap Long
Guest Artist: Michael Whelan
Toastmaster: Charles L. Grant
Chairman: Bob Booth

1980: The 6th World Fantasy Convention

Site: Marriott Hunt Valley Inn, Baltimore, Maryland
Theme: Edgar Allan Poe
Guest of Honor: Jack Vance
Guest Artist: Boris Vallejo
Toastmaster: Robert Bloch
Chairmen: Chuck Miller, Tim Underwood

1981: The 7th World Fantasy Convention

Site: The Claremont Hotel, Berkeley, California
Theme: Mark Twain, Jack London,
Ambrose Bierce, Clark Ashton Smith
Guests of Honor: Alan Garner (did not appear for
personal reason), Peter S. Beagle
Guest Artist: Brian Froud
Toastmaster: Karl Edward Wagner
Chairmen: Jack Rems, Jeff Frane

1982: World Fantasy Convention '82

Site: Park Plaza Hotel, New Haven, Connecticut
Theme: Mark Twain
Guests of Honor: Peter Straub,
Joseph Payne Brennan
Guest Artist: Donald Maitz
Toastmaster: Charles L. Grant
Chairmen: Norman L. Hood, Harold Kinney

1983: World Fantasy Convention 1983

Site: Chicago, Illinois
Theme: Sixty Years of Weird Tales
Guests of Honor: Gene Wolfe,
Manly Wade Wellman
Guest Artist: Rowena Morrill
Toastmaster: Robert Bloch
Chairman: Robert Weinberg

1984: World Fantasy Convention 1984

Site: Westin Hotel, Ottawa, Canada
Theme: Fantasy, An International Genre
Guests of Honor: Tanith Lee, Jane Yolen
Guest Artist: Jeffrey Jones
Toastmaster: Spider Robinson
Chairmen: John Bell, Rodger Turner

1985: The 1985 World Fantasy Convention

Site: Doubletree Hotel, Tucson, Arizona
Theme: Fantasy Writers of the Southwest
Guest of Honor: Stephen R. Donaldson
Special Guest: Evangeline Walton
Guest Artist: Victoria Poyser
Toastperson: Chelsea Quinn Yarbro
Chairman: Randal Rau

1995: 1995 World Fantasy Convention

Site: Inner Harbor Marriott, Baltimore, Maryland
Theme: Celebrating the Craft of Short Fiction in Fantasy and Horror
Writer Guests of Honor: Terry Bisson, Lucius Shepard, Howard Waldrop
Artist Guest of Honor: Rick Berry
Publisher Guest of Honor: Lloyd Arthur Eshbach
Toastmaster: Edward W. Bryant, Jr.
Chairman: Michael J. Walsh

1996: World Fantasy Convention 1996

Site: Woodfield Hyatt Regency, Schaumburg, Illinois
Theme: The Many Faces of Fantasy
Guests of Honor: Katherine Kurtz, Joe R. Lansdale, Ellen Asher
Artist Guest of Honor: Ron Walotsky
Toastmaster: Brian Lumley
Chairmen: Nancy Ford, Tina L. Jens, Phyllis Weinberg

1997: The 1997 World Fantasy Convention

Site: The International Hotel, London, England
Theme: The Centenary of Dracula/The Hidden Realms of London
Guest of Honour: Joan Aiken, Iain Sinclair
Artist Guest of Honour: Bob Eggleton
Special Guests: Hugh B. Cave, R. Chetwynd-Hayes
Special Media Guest: Doug Bradley
Master of Ceremonies: Robert Holdstock
Chairman: Jo Fletcher

1998: World Fantasy Convention 1998

Site: Doubletree & Marriott Hotels, Monterey, California
Theme: Golden Ages
Guest of Honor: Gahan Wilson
Special Guests: Cecelia Holland, Richard Laymon, Frank M. Robinson
Toastmaster: Richard A. Lupoff
Chairman: Bryan Barrett, Linda McAllister

1999: The 25th World Fantasy Convention

Site: RICC, Westin and Biltmore Hotels, Providence, Rhode Island
Theme: Voyages
Guests of Honor: Charles de Lint, Leo & Diane Dillon, Patricia A. McKillip, Robert Silverberg
Special Guest: Samuel R. Delany
Toastmaster: John M. Ford
Co-Chairs: Chip Hitchcock & Davey Snyder

2000: World Fantasy Convention 2000

Site: Omni Bayfront Hotel, Corpus Christi, Texas
Theme: El Dia de los Muertos (The Day of the Dead)
Guests of Honor: K.W. Jeter, John Crowley
Artist Guest of Honor: Charles Vess
Toastmaster: Joe R. Lansdale
Chairman: Fred Duarte

2001: 2001 World Fantasy Convention

Site: Delta Centre-Ville Hotel, Montréal, Québec, Canada
Theme: Je me souviens (I remember)
Guests of Honour: Fred Saberhagen, Joël Champetier
Artist Guest of Honour: Donato Giancola
Toastmaster: Charles de Lint
Chairpersons: Bruce & Lea Farr

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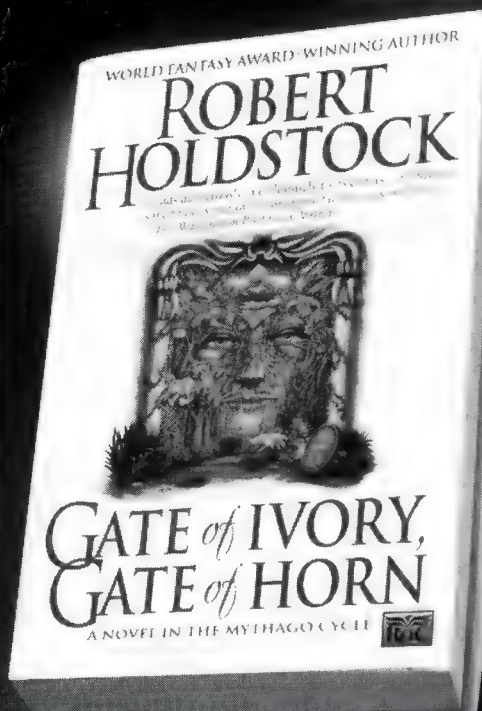
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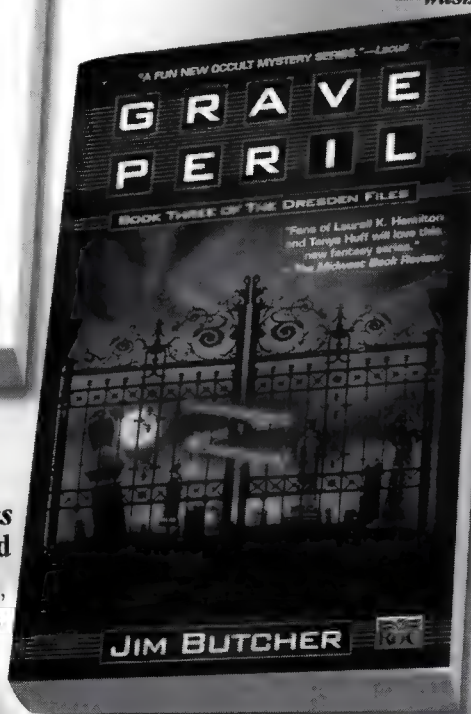


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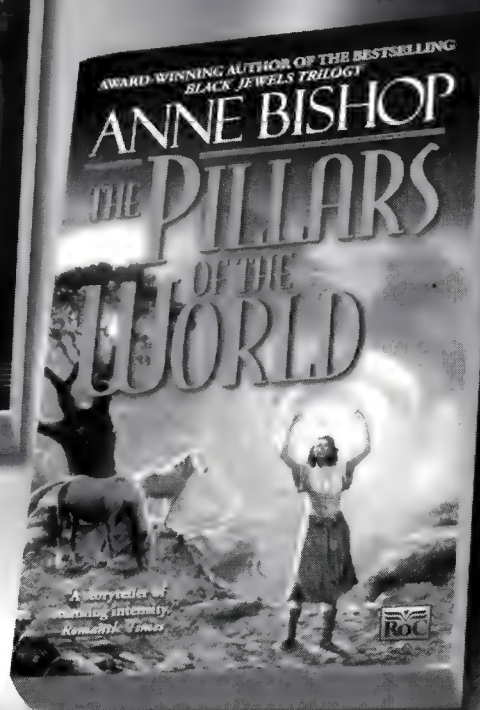


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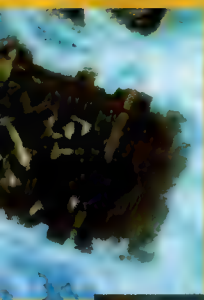


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Donato Giancola: A List of Works

- The Time Machine* by H.G. Wells (Walmart, '93)
A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court by Mark Twain (Walmart, '93)
Journey to the Center of the Earth by Jules Verne (Walmart, '93)
Christmas Forever edited by David G. Hartwell (Tor, Nov '93)
A Two-Edged Sword by Thomas K. Martin (Ace, Jan '94)
The Voyage by David Drake (Tor, Jan '94)
Throne of Isis by Judith Tarr (Tor/Forge, Apr '94)
Burial by Graham Masterton (Tor, May '94)
Galactic MI: The Citadel by Kevin Randle (Ace, May '94)
Shadows Fall by Simon Green (Penguin/Roc, '94)
20,000 Leagues Under the Sea by Jules Verne (Walmart, '94)
Billy Budd by Herman Melville (Walmart, '94)
Sibs by F. Paul Wilson (Tor, '94)
Lovelock by Orson Scott Card & Kathryn H. Kidd (Tor, Jul '94)
Beneath the Web by Lynn Abbey (Ace, Aug '94)
Revenge of the Ravens Sega Genesis video game packaging (Absolute Entertainment, '95)
Otherness by David Brin (Bantam Spectra, Sep '94)
A Matter of Honor by Thomas K. Martin (Ace, Oct '94)
Siduri's Net by P. K. McAllister (Penguin/Roc, Nov '94)
Flycatcher by Elleston Trevor (Tor, '94)
The Dragons of the Rhine by Diana L. Paxson (Morrow AvoNova, Jan '95)
Red Planet Run by Dana Stabenow (Ace, Jan '95)
The Belly of the Wolf by R. A. MacAvoy (AvoNova, Feb '95)
Deathstalker by Simon R. Green (Penguin/Roc, Feb '95)
The Road Home by Joël Rosenberg (Penguin/Roc, Feb '95)
The Eagle's Daughter by Judith Tarr (Tor/Forge, Apr '95)
The Incredible Shrinking Man by Richard Matheson (Tor, Apr '95)
Maia's Veil by P. K. McAllister (Penguin/Roc, Jun '95)
Pasquale's Angel by Paul J. McAuley (Morrow AvoNova, Jun '95)
Pillar of Fire by Judith Tarr (Tor/Forge, Jun '95)
Lethe by Tricia Sullivan (Bantam Spectra, Jul '95)
Wind Whispers, Shadow Shouts by Sharon Green (AvoNova, Jul '95)
Cyberpunk 2.0.2.0.: The Ravens by Stephen Billias (Warner Aspect, Aug '95)
Orion Among the Stars by Ben Bova (Tor, Aug '95)
A Call to Arms by Thomas K. Martin (Ace, Sep '95)
King Arthur (Walmart, '95)
Sir Pellias (Walmart, '95)
Tiger Burning Bright by Marion Zimmer Bradley, Andre Norton & Mercedes Lackey (Morrow AvoNova, Sep '95)
This Side of Judgment by J. R. Dunn (Penguin/Roc, Nov '95)
The Caverns of Socrates by Dennis L. McKiernan (Penguin/Roc, Dec '95)
Middle-Earth: The Wizards Collectable Card Game (14 pieces – Iron Crown Enterprises, '95)
The Uplift War by David Brin (Bantam Spectra, Sep '95)
Tek Money by William Shatner (Ace/Putnam, Dec '95)
River of Dust by Alexander Jablovkov (Morrow AvoNova, Feb '96)
The Jigsaw Woman by Kim Antieau (Penguin/Roc, Mar '96)
The Lord of Horses by Diana L. Paxson (Morrow AvoNova, Mar '96)
Orion's Dagger by P. K. McAllister (Penguin/Roc, Mar '96)
Cyberpunk 2.0.2.0.: Holo Men by Stephen Billias (Warner Aspect, Apr '96)
Eggheads by Emily Devenport (Penguin/Roc, Apr '96)
Five Worlds #1: Exile by Al Sarrantonio (Penguin/Roc, Jun '96)
Reclamation by Sarah Zettel (Warner Aspect, Jun '96)
Deathstalker Rebellion by Simon R. Green (Penguin/Roc, Jul '96)
The Dragonstone by Dennis L. McKiernan (Penguin/Roc, Nov '96)
Protector by Larry Niven (Ballantine Del Rey, Jun '96)
Ringworld by Larry Niven (Ballantine Del Rey, Jun '96)
The Ringworld Engineers by Larry Niven (Ballantine Del Rey, Jun '96)
The Widowmaker by Mike Resnick (Bantam Spectra, Aug '96)
Mother of Winter by Barbara Hambly (Ballantine Del Rey, Oct '96)
Tek Kill by William Shatner (Ace/Putnam, Oct '96)
The Sacred Seven by Amy Stout (AvoNova, Dec '96)
Star Trek NG Starfleet Academy#10: Loyalties by Patricia Barnes-Svarney (Simon Schuster, '96)
Star Trek NG Starfleet Academy#11: Crossfire by John Vornholt (Simon Schuster, '96)
Star Trek NG Starfleet Academy#12: Breakaway by Bobby G. Weiss (Simon Schuster, '96)
Fool's War by Sarah Zettel (Warner Books, '96)
Mirage Magic Collectable Card Game (4 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '96)
Dry Water by Eric S. Nylund (AvoNova, '96)

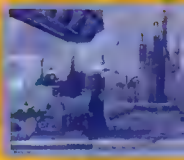
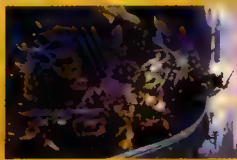
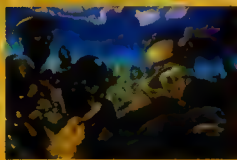


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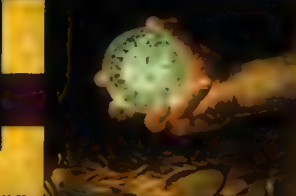
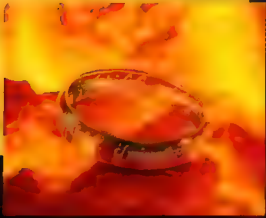
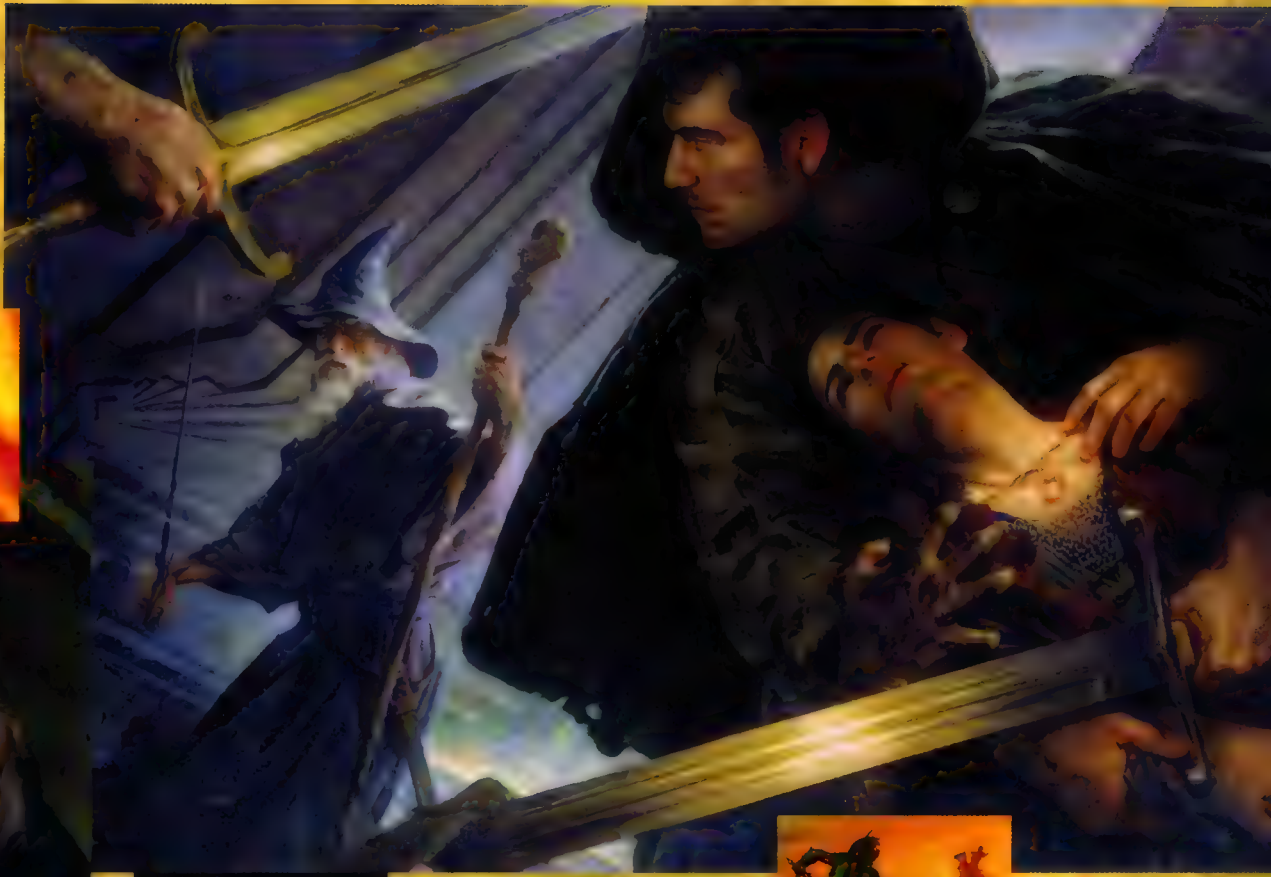
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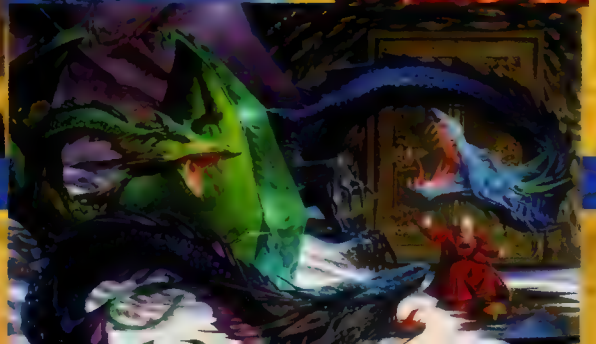
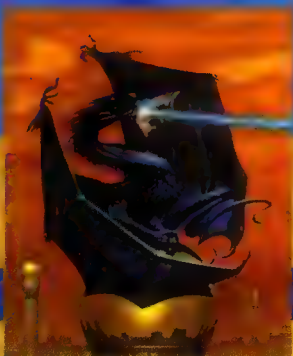
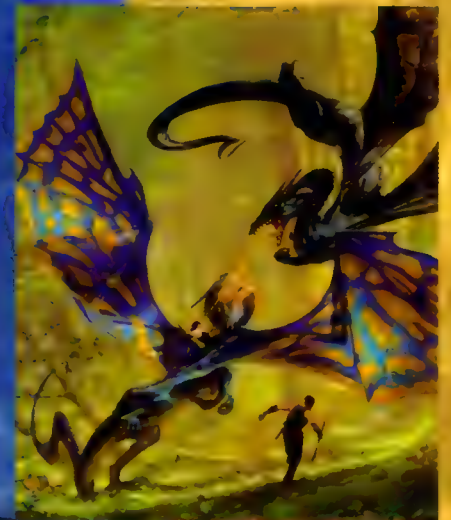
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Here
there
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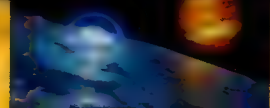
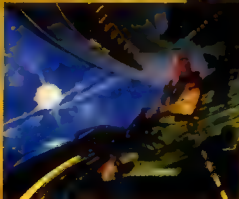
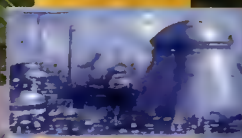


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- Kronos Condition* by Emily Devenport (Penguin/Roc, '96)
- Sinbad* promotional poster (All American Television, '96)
- With Full Honors* by Donald E. McQuinn (Ballantine Del Rey, Jan '97)
- Wizard at Dragon's Peak* by Simon Hawke (Warner Books, '97)
- Middle-Earth: The Dragons Collectable Card Game* (12 pieces – Iron Crown Enterprises, '97)
- Middle-Earth: Dark Minions Collectable Card Game* (5 pieces – Iron Crown Enterprises, '97)
- 5th Edition Magic Collectable Card Game* (7 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '97)
- Visions Magic Collectable Card Game* (2 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '97)
- Five Worlds #2: Journey* by Al Sarrantonio (Penguin/Roc, '97)
- Gaia Websters* by Kim Antieau (Penguin/Roc, '97)
- Time of the Dark* by Barbara Hambly (Ballantine, '97)
- Walls of Air* by Barbara Hambly (Ballantine, '97)
- Armies of Daylight* by Barbara Hambly (Ballantine, '97)
- King Arthur & Merlin knife handle designs (Franklin Mint, '97)
- Gates of Vensunor* by Carol Heller (AvoNova, '97)
- Portal: Magic Collectable Card Game* (2 pieces, Dragon & Knight – Wizards of the Coast, '97)
- Batgirl toy packaging (DC Comics, '97)
- Dragon Mug sketches (Franklin Mint, '97)
- Stratego Board Game* complete packaging (Milton-Bradley, '97)
- Magic 1998 Calendar* (Black Dragon) (Wizards of the Coast, '97)
- Weatherlight Magic Collectable Card Game* (3 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '97)
- Weatherlight* Promotional ad for Magic Collectable Card Game (Wizards of the Coast, '97)
- Middle-Earth: Lidless Eye* (6 pieces – Iron Crown Enterprises, '97)
- Circle of Magic: Sandra's story* (Scholastic, '97)
- 3001* by Arthur C. Clark, editorial illustration (Playboy, March '97)
- Deathstalker III: War* by Simon Green (PenguinRoc, '97)
- Widowmaker Reborn* by Mike Resnick (Bantam, '97)
- Star Trek NG Starfleet Academy #13: The Haunted Starship* by Brad Ferguson (Scholastic, '97)
- Ice Falcons Quest* by Barbara Hambly (Ballantine, '97)
- The Prisoner Within* by Donald E. McQuinn (Ballantine Del Rey, '97)
- Tek Net* by William Shatner (Ace/Putnam, '97)
- Circle of Magic : Tris' Story* (Scholastic, '97)
- Manned Mission to Mars* editorial illustration (Playboy, Aug '97)
- Demon Rider* by Ken Hood (HarperCollins, '97)
- Five Worlds #3: Return* by Al Sarrantonio (Penguin/Roc, '98)
- Stronghold Magic Collectable Card Game* (3 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '98)
- Tempest Magic Collectable Card Game* (7 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '98)
- Star Trek NG Starfleet Academy #14: Deception* by Bobbi JG Weiss (Simon Schuster, '98)
- Bloodsport* by William R. Burkett, Jr (HarperCollins, '98)
- The Wire Continuum* by Arthur C. Clarke editorial illustration (Playboy, Jan '98)
- Godheads* by Emily Devenport (Penguin/ROC, '98)
- Fire Angels* by Jane Routley (AvoNova, '98)
- Dune: Collectable Card Game* (2 pieces – Last Unicorn Games, '98)
- Stronghold Magic Collectable Card Game* (3 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '98)
- Exodus Magic Collectable Card Game* (2 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '98)
- Earth Herald* by Jan Clark (Penguin/Roc, '98)
- Queen of Demons* by David Drake (Tor Books, '98)
- Demon Knight* by Ken Hood (HarperCollins, '98)
- Circle of Magic: Daja's Story* (Scholastic, '98)
- Deadlands Collectable Card Game* (1 piece – Five Rings Publishing, '98)
- Bloodlines* by William R. Burkett, Jr. (HarperCollins, '98)
- Widowmaker Unleashed* by Mike Resnick (Bantam, '98)
- Inheritors of Earth* by Brian Stableford (Tor Books, '98)
- Deathstalker IV* by Simon Green (PenguinRoc, '98)
- Circle of Magic: Briar's Story* (Scholastic, '98)
- The Truthsayer's Apprentice* by Deborah Christian (Tor Books, '98)
- Island of Immortals* editorial illustration (Amazing Stories, '98)
- Stars Asunder* by Debra Doyle and James Macdonald (Tor Books, '99)
- Circle of Magic: Briar's Story* (Scholastic, '98)
- DragonShadow* by Barbara Hambly (Ballantine, '99)
- Atlantic Avenue: 2467 for Widowmaker 3 in 1* by Mike Resnick (Doubleday Book Club, '99)
- Earth to Universe* (Playboy, Jan '99)
- Archangel* promotional art (Wizards of the Coast, '99)
- Urza's Saga Magic Collectable Card Game* (11 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '99)
- Urza's Legacy Magic Collectable Card Game* (5 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '99)
- Urza's Destiny Magic Collectable Card Game* (4

- pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '99)
After the Plague (Playboy, Sep '99)
Grooming 2000 (Playboy, Sep '99)
Aromaya by Jane Routley (AvoNova, '99)
Dark Cities Underground by Lisa Goldstein (Tor Books, '99)
Stars Asunder II by Debra Doyle and James Macdonald (Tor Books, '99)
Magic Steps (Scholastic, '99)
A Secret History: The Story of Ash by Mary Gentile (AvoNova, '99)
Dragonsight (Winterlands) for 2 in 1 by Barbara Hambly (Doubleday Book Club, '99)
Architects of Emortality by Brian Stableford (Tor Books, '99)
Deathstalker V:Destiny by Simon Green (PenguinRoc, '99)
Obernewtyn by Isobelle Carmody (Tor Books, '99)
StarDoc by Sheila L. Viehl (Penguin Roc, '99)
Vor: The Maelstrom by Loren Coleman (Warner, '99)
Vor: The Playback War by Lisa Smedman (Warner, '99)
Centipede Concept Work (Hasbro, '99)
HighRises by Ray Bradbury (Playboy, Jan '00)
Farseekers by Isobelle Carmody (Tor Books, '00)
Mercadian Masques Magic Collectable Card Game (5 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '00)
Nemesis Magic Collectable Card Game (2 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '00)
Prophecy Magic Collectable Card Game (3 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '00)
Invasion Magic Collectable Card Game (5 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '00)
Carthage Ascendant by Mary Gentile (AvoNova, '00)
The Wild Machines by Mary Gentile (AvoNova, '00)
"Stranger than Fiction," *Village Voice* cover ('00)
Vor: Island of Power by Dean Wesley Smith (Warner, '00)
Vor: Rescue by Ryan Hughes (Warner, '00)
Vor: Hellheart by Robert Vardeman (Warner, '00)
Knight of the Demon Queen(Dragonflight) by Barbara Hambly (Ballantine, '00)
Servant of the Dragon by David Drake (Tor Books, '00)
Galactic Empires children's coloring book cover Tangerine Press, '00)
MageHeart by Jane Routley (AvoNova, '00)
Fountains of Youth by Brian Stableford (Tor Books, '00)
Dracopaleontology advertisement for Science Fiction Book Club (Doubleday, '00)
Wheel of the Infinite by Martha Wells (Avon Eos, '00)
Legend of the Five Rings collectable card game (2 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '00)
The Lord of the Rings by J.R.R. Tolkien (Doubleday Book Club '00)
The Hobbit by J.R.R. Tolkien (Doubleday Book Club '00)
The Hobbit graphic novel by J.R.R. Tolkien (Ballantine '00)
Vision Quest concept work on characters and cityscapes (VMGN, '00)
2001 Revisited by Arthur C. Clarke (Playboy, Jan '01)
Dogs of War edited by David Drake (Warner '01)
Vor: Operation Sierra-75 by Thomas Gressman (Warner, '01)
Apocalypse: Magic Collectable Card Game (1 piece – Wizards of the Coast, '01)
Planeshift: Magic Collectable Card Game (3 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '01)
7th Edition: Magic Collectable Card Game (7 pieces – Wizards of the Coast, '01)
"I Was an AOL Censor," *Village Voice* cover ('01)
Ashling by Isobelle Carmody (Tor Books, '01)
Grand Master Robert Dluge portrait (Free Masons of Pennsylvania '01)
Grand Secretary Thomas Jackson portrait (Free Masons of Pennsylvania '01)
Psychohistorical Crisis by Donald Kingsbury(Tor Books, '01)
DreamThief's Daughter by Michael Moorcock, black and white interiors, 5 pieces (Garcia Publishing, '01)
Mistress of the Catacombs by David Drake (Tor Books, '01)
-

The Color Plates

The following four pages of paintings were selected from my portfolio for both their diversity and quality. As an artist, it is always difficult to personally select what best represents my defining style; personal attachment to a character, composition, or intention can subjectively cloud judgment. Thus many of the works here were 'chosen' by third parties, from juries to award winners in shows. Only by standing back from my labors and submitting to a stranger's aesthetic decisions can I see the paintings objectively as others. I am always surprised at least once a year by these selections. It is always a pleasurable experience.

Donato Giancola
September 22, 2001

Joël Champetier: A List of Works

Novels

- Les Sources de la magie*, fantasy, Éditions Alire, Beauport, (2001 or 2002)
- La Mémoire du lac*, dark fantasy, Éditions Alire, Beauport, 2001, 370 p. [Originally published at QuébecAmérique, 1994]
- L'Aile du papillon*, dark fantasy, Éditions Alire, Beauport, 1999, 370 p.
- La Taupe et le Dragon*, science fiction, Éditions Alire, Beauport, 1999, 368 p. Translated (by Jean-Louis Trudel) as *The Dragon's Eye*, Tor Books, New York, 1999, 304 p. [Originally published at QuébecAmérique, 1991]
- La Peau blanche*, dark fantasy, Éditions Alire, Beauport, 1997, 241 p.

Young Adult Novels

- Le Prince Japier*, YA fantasy, coll. Jeunesse-Pop, Médiaspaul, Montréal, 1995, 159 p.
- Le Secret des sylvaneaux*, YA fantasy, coll. Jeunesse-Pop, Paulines, Montréal, 1994, 165 p.
- Le Voyage de la sylvanelle*, YA fantasy, coll. Jeunesse-Pop, Paulines, Montréal, 1993, 159 p.
- Le Jour-de-trop*, YA science fiction, coll. Jeunesse-Pop, Paulines, Montréal, 1993, 110 p.
- La Prisonnière de Barrad*, YA fantasy, coll. Jeunesse-Pop, Paulines, Montréal, 1991, 153 p.
- La Requête de Barrad*, YA fantasy, coll. Jeunesse-Pop, Paulines, Montréal, 1991, 158 p.
- La Mer au fond du monde*, YA science fiction, coll. Jeunesse-Pop, Paulines, Montréal, 1990, 129 p.

Collection of Short Stories

- Coeur de fer*, SF short stories, Orion Éditions et Communication, Le Plessis-Brion (France), 1997, 143 p.

Short Stories

- "Huit harmoniques de lumière," *Solaris* #136, Winter 2001
- "A la main," *Solaris* #125, Spring 1998
- "Badelaire l'assassin," in *Concerto pour six voix*, Médiaspaul, Montréal, 1997
- "Icabod Icabod Crane," in *La Maison douleur*, Vents d'Ouest, Hull, 1996
- "Petite peste," in *Par chemins inventés*, QuébecAmérique, Montréal, 1992

- "Luckenbach, les mathématiques, et autres dangers de Montréal," *Solaris* #100, Spring 1992
- "Anciennes cicatrices," *imagine...* #59, Mar 1992. [Reprinted in *Panorama de la littérature québécoise contemporaine*, Guérin, Montréal, 1997]
- "Dieu, 1, 0," in *L'Année de la science-fiction et du fantastique Québécois 1990*, Le Passeur, Québec, 1991
- "Coeur de fer," *Solaris* #93, Sep-Oct 1990. [Reprinted in *Escales sur Solaris*, Vents d'Ouest, Hull, 1995 and in *Coeur de fer*, Orion, France, 1997. Reprinted in English as "Heart of Iron" in *Tesseract Q*, Tesseract Books, 1996]
- "Ce que Hercule est allé faire chez Augias, et pourquoi il n'y est pas resté," in *L'Année de la science-fiction et du fantastique québécois 1989*, Le Passeur, Québec, 1990. [Reprinted in *Yellow Submarine* #102, Jul 1993 (France), and in *Coeur de fer*, Orion, France, 1997]
- "Karyotype 47, XX, +21," in *Sous des soleils étrangers*, Les Publications Ianus, Laval, 1989. [Reprinted in *Coeur de fer*, Orion, France, 1997]
- "Le jour-de-trop," *Solaris* #87, Nov-Dec 1989
- "Salut Gilles!," *Solaris* #79, May-Jun 1988
- "Survie sur Mars," in *L'Année de la science-fiction et du fantastique québécois 1987*, Le Passeur, Québec, 1988. [Reprinted in *Yellow Submarine* #104, Oct 1993 (France) and in *Coeur de fer*, Orion, France, 1997]
- "Les vents du temps," in *Samizdat* #8, Apr 1987. [Reprinted in English as "Winds of Time," in *Tesseract 3*, Presse Porcépic, Victoria, 1990]
- "Retour sur colonie," *Solaris* #75, Sep-Oct 1987. [With Elisabeth Vonarburg]
- "Poisson-soluble," *Solaris* #59, Jan-Feb 1985. [Reprinted in *Aurores Boréales 2*, Le Préambule, Longueuil, 1985. Translated in English as "Soluble Fish" in *Tesseract 2*, Presse Porcépic, Victoria, 1987. Reprinted in *Northern Stars*, Tor Books, New York, 1994]
- "Elle a soif," *imagine...* #21, Apr 1984
- "Bébé, Stan' et moi," *Solaris* #50, Mar-Apr 1983
- "Le chemin des fleurs," *Solaris* #41, Oct 1981. [Reprinted in *Aurores Boréales 1*, Le Préambule, Longueuil, 1983]

Anthology

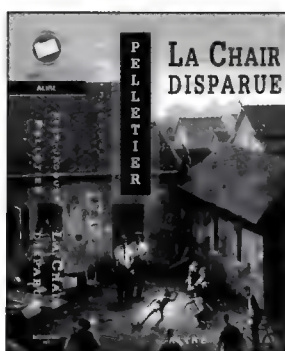
- Escales sur Solaris*, SF and fantasy anthology, Vents d'Ouest, Hull, 1995, 294 p. [with Yves Meynard]

Searching for American best sellers?

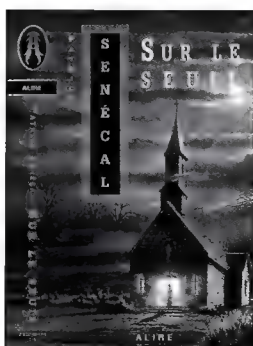
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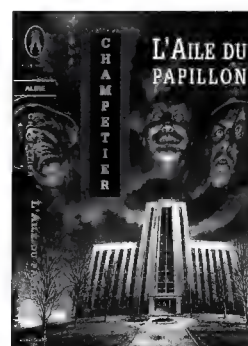
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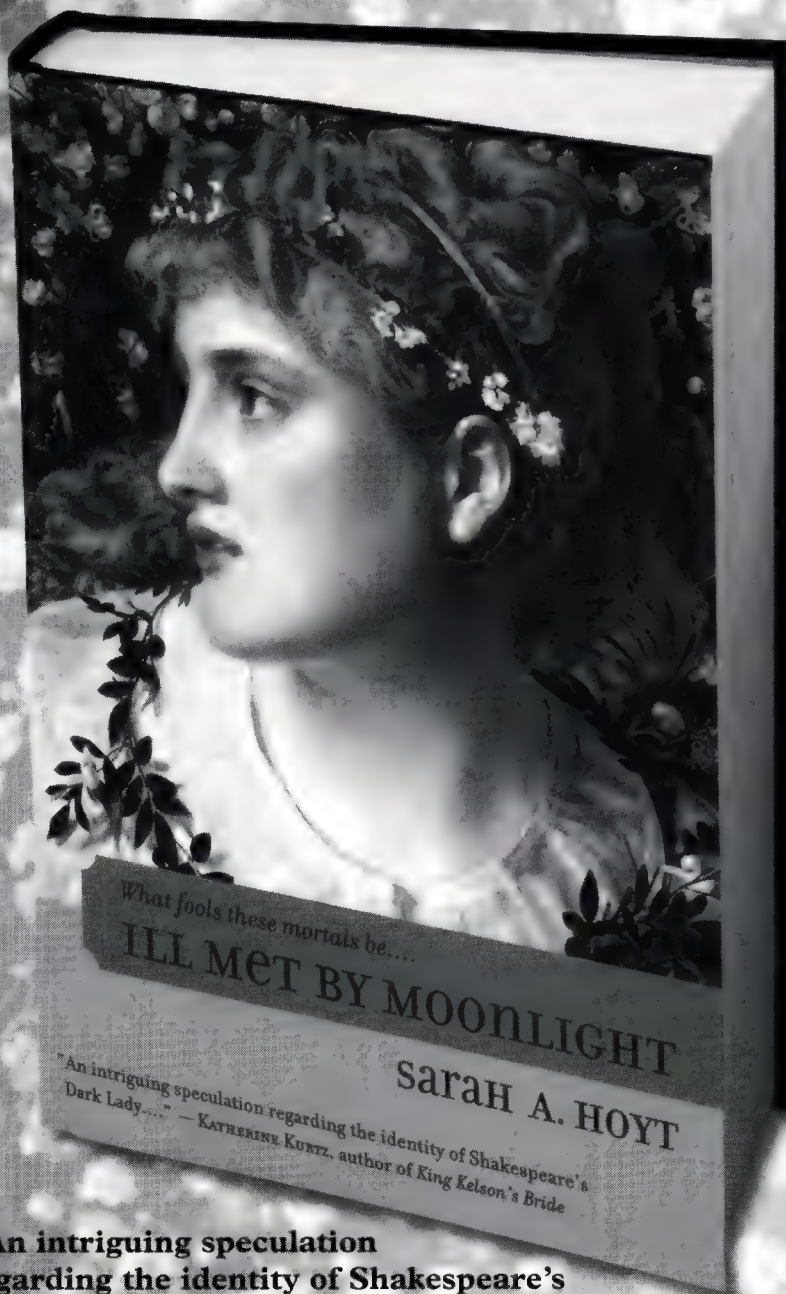
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Charles de Lint: A List of Works

Novels

The Riddle of the Wren (Ace, 1984)
Moonheart (Ace, 1984)
The Harp of the Grey Rose (Starblaze, 1985)
Mulengro (Ace, 1985)
Yarrow (Ace, 1986)
Jack, the Giant-killer (Ace, 1987)
Greenmantle (Ace, 1988)
Wolf Moon (NAL, 1988)
Svaha (Ace, 1989)
The Valley of Thunder (Bantam, 1989)
The Hidden City (Ace, 1990)
Drink Down the Moon (Ace, 1990)
Ghostwood (Axolotl Press, 1990)
Angel of Darkness (as Samuel M. Key; Jove, 1990)
The Dreaming Place (Atheneum, 1990)
The Little Country (Morrow, 1991)
From a Whisper to a Scream (as Samuel M. Key; Jove, 1992)
Into the Green (Tor, 1993)
I'll Be Watching You (as Samuel M. Key; 1994)
The Wild Wood (Bantam, 1994)
Memory and Dream (Tor, 1994)
Trader (Tor, 1996)
Someplace to Be Flying (Tor, 1998)
Forests of the Heart (Tor, June 2000)
The Road to Lisdoonvarna (mystery novel, Subterranean Press, June 2001)

Novellas

Ascian in Rose (Axolotl, 1987)
Westlin Wind (Axolotl Press, 1989)
The Fair in Emain Macha (Tor, 1990)
Ghosts of Wind and Shadow (Axolotl Press, 1991)

Death Leaves an Echo (Tor, 1991)
Our Lady of the Harbour (Axolotl, 1991)
Paperjack (Cheap Street Press, 1991)
The Wishing Well (Axolotl Press, 1993)

Novellettes

Berlin (Fourth Avenue Press, 1989)
Uncle Dobbin's Parrot Fair
(Pulphouse, 1991)

Collections

De Gruze Roos (Exa Belgium, 1983)
Hedgework and Guessery (Pulphouse, 1991)
Spiritwalk (Tor, 1992)
Dreams Underfoot (Tor, 1993)
The Ivory and the Horn (Tor, 1995)
Jack of Kinrowan (omnibus, Orb, 1995)
Moonlight and Vines (Tor, 1999)
The Newford Stories (Science Fiction Book Club, 1999)
Triskell Tales: 22 Years of Chapbooks
(Subterranean Press, October 2000)

Short Stories

Merlin Dreams in the Mondream Wood
(Pulphouse, 1992)
The Buffalo Man (Subterranean Press, 1999)

Forthcoming Titles

The Onion Girl (novel, Tor, October 2001)
Seven Wild Sisters (novella, Subterranean Press, early 2002)
UNTITLED NEWFORD COLLECTION
(collection, Tor, to be scheduled)
UNTITLED YOUNG ADULT COLLECTION (collection, Viking, Fall 2002)
The Moment of the Rose (novel, Tor, to be scheduled)

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Fred Saberhagen: A List of Works

Series

Berserker

The Berserker Wars (1967)

Berserker (1967)

Brother Assassin [vt *Brother Berserker* (1969 UK)] (1969)

Berserker's Planet (1975)

4 Berserker Man (1979)

The Ultimate Enemy (1979)

The Berserker Throne (1985)

Berserker: Blue Death (1985)

The Berserker Attack (1987)

Berserker Lies (1991)

Berserker Kill (1993)

Berserker Fury (1997)

Berserkers: The Beginning (1998)

Earth's End — *Empire of the East*

The Broken Lands (1968)

Black Mountains (1971)

Changeling Earth [vt *Ardneh's World* (1988)] (1973)

Empire of the East (1979) [O]

Book of Swords

The First Book of Swords (1983)

The Second Book of Swords (1983)

The Third Book of Swords (1984)

Book of Lost Swords

Woundhealer's Story (1986)

Sightblinder's Story (1987)

Stonecutter's Story (1988)

Farslayer's Story (1989)

Coinspinner's Story (1989)

Mindsword's Story (1990)

Wayfinder's Story (1992)

Shieldbreaker's Story (1994)

Dracula Sequence

The Dracula Tape (1975)

The Holmes-Dracula File (1978)

An Old Friend of the Family (1979)

Thorn (1980)

Dominion (1982)

A Matter of Taste (1990)

A Question of Time (1992)

Séance for a Vampire (1994)

A Sharpness on the Neck (1996)

Vlad Tapes (2000)

A Coldness in the Blood (2002)

Pilgrim

Pyramids (1987)

After the Fact (1988)

Book of Gods

The Face of Apollo (1998)

Ariadne's Web (2000)

Arms of Hercules (2000)

God of the Golden Fleece (2001)

Gods of Fire and Thunder (2002)

Novels

The Golden People (1964)

The Water of Thought (1965)

Specimens (1976)

The Veils of Azlaroc (1978)

Love Conquers All (1979)

The Mask of the Sun (1979)

Octagon (1981)

Coils (1982) with Roger Zelazny

A Century of Progress (1983)

Empire of the East (1986)

The Frankenstein Papers (1986)

The White Bull (1988)

The Black Throne (1990) with Roger Zelazny

Bram Stoker's Dracula (1992) with James V. Hart

Dancing Bears (1995)

Merlin's Bones (1995)

Shiva in Steel (1998)

The Arrival (1999)

Collections

The Book of Saberhagen (1975)

Earth Descended (1981)

Saberhagen: My Best (1987)

Berserkers: The Beginning (1998)

Anthologies

A Spadeful of Spacetime (1981)

Pawn to Infinity (1982) with Joan Saberhagen

Machines That Kill (1984) with Martin H. Greenberg

An Armory of Swords (1995)

Short Fiction

"The Machinery of Lies" (unknown)

"Seven Doors To Education" (unknown)

"What Do You Want Me To Do To Prove Im Human Stop" (unknown)

"The Long Way Home" (1961)

"Planeteer" (1961)

"Seven Doors to Education" (1961)

"Volume PAA-PYX" (1961)

"Fortress Ship" [vt "Without a Thought"] (1963)

"Fortress Ship" (1963)

"Goodlife" (1963)

"Without a Thought" (1963)

"The Life Hater" [vt "The Peacemaker"] (1964)

"The Life Hater" (1964)

"The Peacemaker" (1964)

"Masque of the Red Shift" (1965)

"Patron of the Arts" (1965)

"Sign of the Wolf" (1965)

"Stone Place" (1965)

"What T and I Did" (1965)

"The Face of the Deep" (1966)

"In the Temple of Mars" (1966)

"Mr. Jester" (1966)

"Berserker's Prey" [vt "Pressure"] (1967)

"Brother Berzerker" (1967)

"Pressure" (1967)

"Stone Man" (1967)

"The Winged Helmet" (1967)

"Starsong" (1968)

"Young Girl at an Open Half-Door" (1968)

"Calendars" (1974)

"Inhuman Error" (1974)

"Life Force" (1974)

"WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO TO PROVE IM HUMAN STOP" (1974)

"Wings Out of Shadow" (1974)

"The Annihilation of Angkor Apeiron" (1975)

"Deep Space" (1975)

"Birthdays" (1976)

"Martha" (1976)

"To Mark the Year on Azlaroc" (1976)

"The White Bull" (1976)

"Wilderness" (1976)

"The Game" (1977)

"Period of Totality" (1977)

"The Smile" (1977)

"Smasher" (1978)

"Some Events at the Templar Radiant" (1979)

"Victory" (1979)

"Adventure of the Metal Murderer" [vt "Metal Murderer" (1981)] (1980)

"Adventure of the Metal Murderer" (1980)

"Metal Murderer" (1980)

"Recessional" (1980)

"Earthshade" (1981)

"Where Thy Treasure Is" (1981)

"Intermission" (1982)

"As Duly Authorized" (1985)

"From the Tree of Time" (1987)

"The Graphic of Dorian Gray" (1987)

"Peacemaker" (1987)

"The Bad Machines" (1996)

"The Senior Prom" (unpublished)

Essays/Articles

"Berserker" (1967)

"The Ultimate Enemy" (1979)

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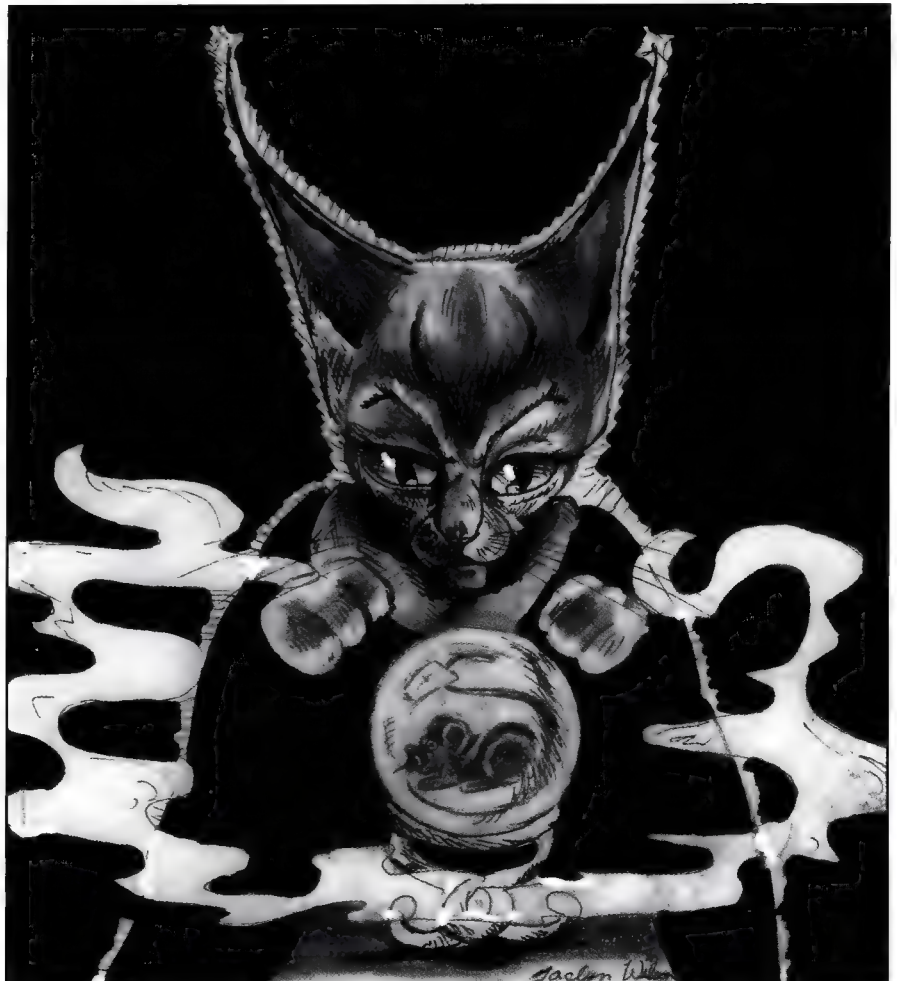
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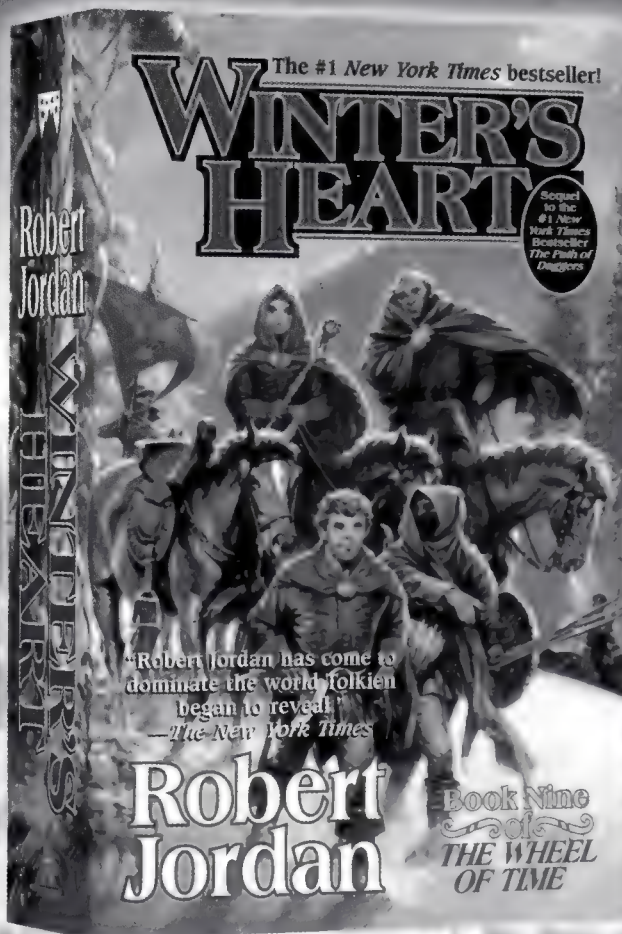
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Coyote Stories

by Charles de Lint

*Four directions blow the sacred winds
We are standing at the center
Every morning wakes another chance
To make our lives a little better*

— Kiya Heartwood,
from “Wishing Well”

This day Coyote is feeling pretty thirsty, so he goes into Joey’s Bar, you know, on the corner of Palm and Grasso, across from the Men’s Mission, and he lays a nugget of gold down on the counter, but Joey he won’t serve him.

“So you don’t serve skins no more?” Coyote he asks him.

“Last time you gave me gold, it turned to shit on me,” is what Joey says. He points to the Rolex on Coyote’s wrist. “But I’ll take that. Give you change and everything.”

Coyote scratches his muzzle and pretends he has to think about it. “Cost me twenty-five dollars,” he says. “It looks better than the real thing.”

“I’ll give you fifteen, cash, and a beer.”

“How about a bottle of whiskey?”

So Coyote comes out of Joey’s Bar and he’s missing his Rolex now, but he’s got a bottle of Jack in his hand and that’s when he sees Albert, just around the corner, sitting on the ground with his back against the brick wall and his legs stuck out across the sidewalk so you have to step over them, you want to get by.

“Hey, Albert,” Coyote says. “What’s your problem?”

“Joey won’t serve me no more.”

“That because you’re indigenous?”

“Naw. I got no money.”

So Coyote offers him some of his whiskey. “Have yourself a swallow,” he says, feeling generous, because he only paid two dollars for the Rolex and it never worked anyway.

“Thanks, but I don’t think so,” is what Albert tells him. “Seems to me I’ve been given a sign. Got no money means I should stop drinking.”

Coyote shakes his head and takes a sip of his Jack. “You are one crazy skin,” he says.

That Coyote he likes his whiskey. It goes down smooth and puts a gleam in his eye. Maybe, he drinks enough, he’ll remember some good time and smile, maybe he’ll get mean and pick himself a fight with a lamp post like he’s done before. But one thing he knows, whether he’s got money or not’s got nothing to do with omens. Not for him, anyway.



But a lack of money isn’t really an omen for Albert either; it’s a way of life. Albert, he’s like the rest of us skins. Left the reserve, and we don’t know why. Come to the city, and we don’t know why. Still alive, and we don’t know why. But Albert, he remembers it being different. He used to listen to his grandmother’s stories, soaked them up like the dirt will rain, thirsty after a long drought. And he tells stories himself, too, or pieces of stories, talk to you all night long if you want to listen to him.

It’s always Coyote in Albert’s stories, doesn’t matter if he’s making them up or just passing along gossip. Sometimes Coyote’s himself, sometimes he’s Albert, sometimes he’s somebody else. Like it wasn’t Coyote sold his Rolex and ran into him outside Joey’s Bar that day, it was Billy Yazhie. Maybe ten years ago now, Billy he’s standing under a turquoise sky beside Spider Rock one day, looking up, looking up for a long time, before he turns away and walks to the nearest highway, sticks out his thumb and he

doesn't look back till it's too late. Wakes up one morning and everything he knew is gone and he can't find his way back.

Oh that Billy he's a dark skin, he's like leather. You shake his hand and it's like you took hold of a cowboy boot. He knows some of the old songs and he's got himself a good voice, strong, ask anyone. He used to drum for the dancers back home, but his hands shake too much now, he says. He doesn't sing much anymore, either. He's got to be like the rest of us, hanging out in Fitzhenry Park, walking the streets, sleeping in an alleyway because the Men's Mission it's out of beds. We've got the stoic faces down real good, but you look in our eyes, maybe catch us off guard, you'll see we don't forget anything. It's just most times we don't want to remember.



This Coyote he's not too smart sometimes. One day he gets into a fight with a biker, says he going to count coup like his plains brothers, knock that biker all over the street, only the biker's got himself a big hickory-handled hunting knife and he cuts Coyote's head right off. Puts a quick end to that fight, I'll tell you. Coyote he spends the rest of the afternoon running around, trying to find somebody to sew his head back on again.

"That Coyote," Jimmy Coldwater says, "he's always losing his head over one thing or another."

I tell you we laughed.



But Albert he takes that omen seriously. You see him drinking still, but he's drinking coffee now, black as a raven's wing, or some kind of tea he brews for himself in a tin can, makes it from weeds he picks in the empty lots and dries in the sun. He's living in an abandoned factory these days, and he's got this one wall, he's gluing feathers and bones to it, nothing fancy, no eagles' wings, no bear's jaw, wolf skull, just what he can find lying around, pigeon

feathers and crows', rat bones, bird bones, a necklace of mouse skulls strung on a wire. Twigs and bundles of weeds, rattles he makes from tin cans and bottles and jars. He paints figures on the wall, in between all the junk. Thunderbird. Bear. Turtle. Raven.

Everybody's starting to agree, that Albert he's
one crazy skin.

Now when he's got money, he buys food with it and shares it out. Sometimes he walks over to Palm Street where the skin girls are working the trade and he gives them money, asks them to take a night off. Sometimes they take the money and just laugh, getting into the next car that pulls up. But sometimes they take the money and they sit in a coffee shop, sit there by the window, drinking their coffee and look out at where they don't have to be for one night.

And he never stops telling stories.

"That's what we are," he tells me one time. Albert he's smiling, his lips are smiling, his eyes are smiling, but I know he's not joking when he tells me that. "Just stories. You and me, everybody, we're a set of stories, and what those stories are is what makes us what we are. Same thing for whites as skins. Same thing for a tribe and a city and a nation and the world. It's all these stories and how they braid together that tells us who and what and where we are.

“We got to stop forgetting and get back to remembering. We got to stop asking for things, stop waiting for people to give us the things we think we need. All we really need is the stories. We have the stories and they’ll give us the one thing nobody else can, the thing we can only take for ourselves, because there’s nobody can give you back your pride. You’ve got to take it back yourself.

“You lose your pride and you lose everything. We don’t want to know the stories, because we don’t want to remember. But we’ve got to take the good with the bad and make ourselves whole again, be proud again. A proud people can never be defeated. They lose battles, but they’ll never lose the war,

because for them to lose the war you've got to go out and kill each and every one of them, everybody with even a drop of the blood. And even then, the stories will go on. There just won't be any skins left to hear them."

This Coyote he's always getting in trouble. One day he's sitting at a park bench, reading a newspaper, and this cop starts to talk big to one of the skin girls, starts talking mean, starts pushing her around. Coyote's feeling chivalrous that day, like he's in a white man's movie, and he gets into a fight with the cop. He gets beat up bad and then more cops come and they take him away, put him in jail.

The judge he turns Coyote into a mouse for a year so that there's Coyote, got that same lop-sided grin, got that sharp muzzle and those long ears and the big bushy tail, but he's so small now you can hold him in the palm of your hand.

"Doesn't matter how small you make me," Coyote he says to the judge. "I'm still Coyote."

Albert he's so serious now. He gets out of jail and he goes back to living in the factory. Kids've torn down that wall of his, so he gets back to fixing it right, gets back to sharing food and brewing tea and helping the skin girls out when he can, gets back to telling stories. Some people they start thinking of him as a shaman and call him by an old Kickaha name.

Dan Whiteduck he translates the name for Billy Yazhie, but Billy he's not quite sure what he's heard. Know-more-truth, or No-more-truth?

"You spell that with a 'K' or what?" Billy he asks Albert.

"You take your pick how you want to spell it," Albert he says.

Billy he learns how to pronounce that old name and that's what he uses when he's talking about Albert. Lots of people do. But most of us we just keep on calling him Albert.

One day this Coyote decides he wants to have a powwow, so he clears the trash from this empty lot, makes the circle, makes the fire. The people come but no one knows the songs anymore, no one knows the drumming that the dancers need, no one knows the steps. Everybody they're just standing around, looking at each other, feeling sort of stupid, until Coyote he starts singing, ya-ha-hey, ya-ha-hey, and he's stomping around the circle, kicking up dirt and dust.

People they start to laugh, then, seeing Coyote playing the fool.

"You are one crazy skin!" Angie Crow calls to him and people laugh some more, nodding in agreement, pointing at Coyote as he dances round and round the circle.

But Jimmy Coldwater he picks up a stick and he walks over to the drum Coyote made. It's this big metal tub, salvaged from a junkyard, that Coyote's covered with a skin and who knows where he got that skin, nobody's asking. Jimmy he hits the skin of the drum and everybody they stop laughing and look at him, so Jimmy he hits the skin again. Pretty soon he's got the rhythm to Coyote's dance and then Dan Whiteduck he picks up a stick, too, and joins Jimmy at the drum.

Billy Yazhie he starts up to singing then, takes Coyote's song and turns it around so that he's singing about Spider Rock and turquoise skies, except everybody hears it their own way, hears the stories they want to hear in it. There's more people drumming and there's people dancing and before anyone knows it, the night's over and there's the dawn poking over the roof of an abandoned factory, thinking, these are some crazy skins. People they're

lying around and sitting around, eating the flatbread and drinking the tea that Coyote provided, and they're all tired, but there's something in their hearts that feels very full.

"This was one fine powwow," Coyote he says.

Angie she nods her head. She's sitting beside Coyote all sweaty and hot and she'd never looked quite so good before.

"Yeah," she says. "We got to do it again."



We start having regular powwows after that night, once, sometimes twice a month. Some of the skins they start to making dancing outfits, going back up to the reserve for visits and asking about steps and songs from the old folks. Gets to be we feel like a community, a small skin nation living here in exile with the ruins of broken-down tenements and abandoned buildings all around us. Gets to be we start remembering some of our stories and sharing them with each other instead of sharing bottles. Gets to be we have something to feel proud about.

Some of us we find jobs. Some of us we try to climb up the side of the wagon but we keep falling off. Some of us we go back to homes we can hardly remember. Some of us we come from homes where we can't live, can't even breathe, and drift here and there until we join this tribe that Albert he helped us find.

And even if Albert he's not here anymore, the stories go on. They have to go on, I know that much. I tell them every chance I get.



See, this Coyote he got in trouble again, this Coyote he's always getting in trouble, you know that by now, same as me. And when he's in jail this time he sees that it's all tribes inside, the same as it is outside. White tribes, black tribes, yellow tribes, skin tribes. He finally understands, finally realizes that

maybe there can't ever be just one tribe, but that doesn't mean we should stop trying.

But even in jail this Coyote he can't stay out of trouble and one day he gets into another fight and he gets cut again, but this time he thinks maybe he's going to die.

"Albert," Coyote he says, "I am one crazy skin. I am never going to learn, am I?"

"Maybe not this time," Albert says, and he's holding Coyote's head and he's wiping the dribble of blood that comes out of the side of Coyote's mouth and is trickling down his chin. "But that's why you're Coyote. The wheel goes round and you'll get another chance."

Coyote he's trying to be brave, but he's feeling weaker and it hurts, it hurts, this wound in his chest that cuts to the bone, that cuts the thread that binds him to this story.

"There's a thing I have to remember," Coyote he says, "but I can't find it. I can't find its story...."

"Doesn't matter how small they try to make you," Albert he reminds Coyote. "You're still Coyote."

"Ya-ha-hey," Coyote he says. "Now I remember."

Then Coyote he grins and he lets the pain take him away into another story.

END

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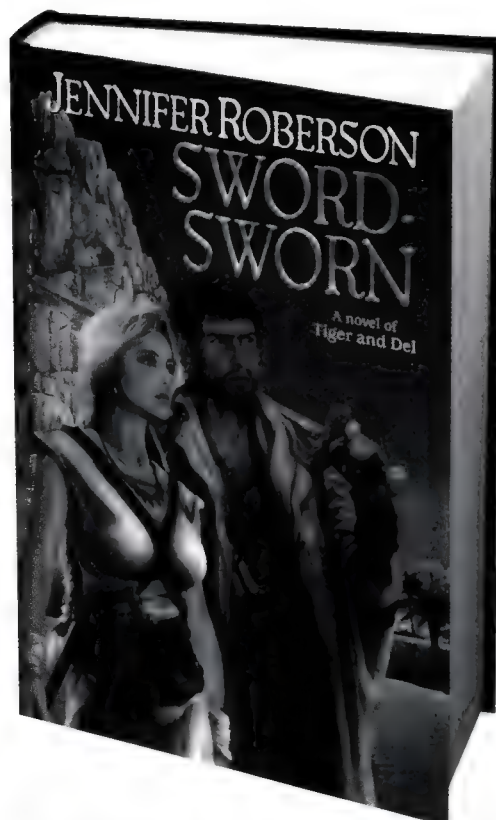
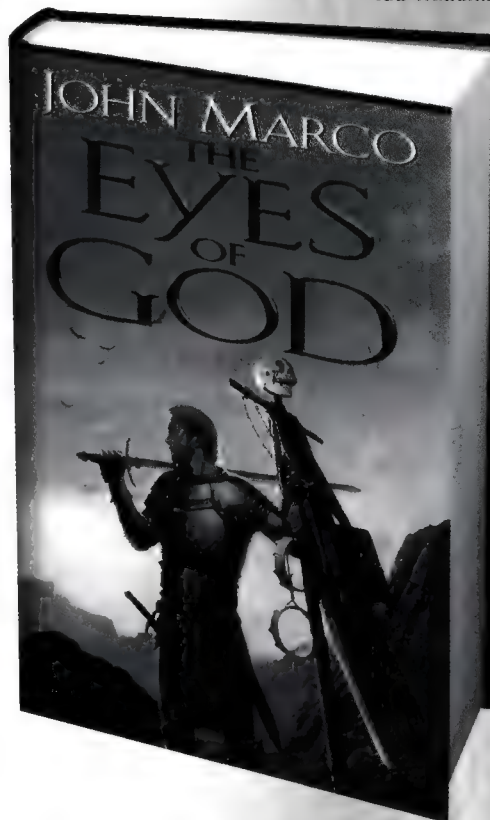
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tattered soaker, and leave me in peace!"

With a rusty creak, the shutter slammed shut. Irontree whistled angrily. The call of the trumpets sounded again.

"I am neither drunk nor crazed, Barrad! I serve my king. Leave your den, or you will regret it!"

The shutter stayed shut. The knights eyed each other warily. Irontree ordered three more blasts of the trumpet. "Come out of there, Barrad! Or we'll go in and get you."

The enormous door opened, slamming against the rockwall. With a hair-raising roar, Barrad appeared. He was old, bent over, misshapen. His skin was grey and wrinkled, his beard bushy, his hair matted, and his rags stiff with dirt. His enormous hands were thick with horn, and outsized even for a giant.

He stood up, twice as tall as a man, and glowered at Irontree, fifty paces away.

"By the guts of my forefathers! Are you still there?"

Irontree did not reply right away. He was too busy calming his horse which was fidgeting and snorting nervously. Once the beast was pacified, he called out again to Barrad:

"You've heard King Peerjohn's decree! This is your last chance, ogre, else I will be forced..."

A frenzy seized Barrad. He screamed, he punched the door, he tore his hair out. He stooped and lifted a pumpkin-sized stone in one hand. He stepped back and, with a catapult's strength and power, he hurled the boulder towards Irontree.

The commander was just able to raise his shield and shout, "Charge!" before the projectile struck him full on. His shield rang like a cracked bell, and both man and horse fell, as if struck by lightning.

The two heralds backed away precipitously. Behind them, the twelve knights lowered their lances and charged. Unexpectedly lithe for his enormous bulk, Barrad leaped atop a rock, narrowly

avoiding the massed lances. He then jumped down on the two nearest knights. Barrad surely weighed as much as ten grown men: the two horses faltered and knocked against a third, whinnying with surprise.

The ogre, the riders, and the horses all fell into a heap in the dirt. Barrad alone got up. The other knights were already upon him! He dodged a lance, caught the knight clutching it, and threw him head-first against a rock twenty paces away.

This gave another rider the time needed to get closer, his lance pointed right at Barrad's heart. Barrad tried to get out of the way, but he was too late: the lance impaled his side.

For the space of a breath, the knight and the ogre remained motionless, too stunned to react. And then Barrad's gigantic fist crashed down on the knight's head. The horse galloped off, carrying its rider knocked senseless, still held by his high-backed saddle. Barrad stepped back, open-mouthed, his eyes glued to the wooden pole sticking out of his side...

As if it could only come after the event, a scream of pain and rage exploded from him. The knights looked on in dismay, for they had believed the wound to be mortal, but the agg tore out the lance with one quick pull. He contemplated the bloodied point of the weapon. His gaze flickered again towards the knights and he uttered a muffled growl, his eyes narrowing.

Still holding the lance by the end, Barrad came nearer. The long wooden shaft whistled through the air, lightning-fast. Two riders were unhorsed in a metallic clatter of swords, shields, and chainmail tumbling together.

It was the final blow. The five remaining soldiers retreated, followed by the heralds. Barrad pursued them, yelling a thousand insults until he tired and headed back, a frown of pain on his face as he clutched his side. Only a few broken helms and shields were left in front of his cavern. In the distance, he could see the other soldiers escaping, the

relatively unharmed helping to carry the seriously wounded. In the lead was Irontree, limping. Barrad kicked the commander's handsome shield — now dented beyond repair — and he shouted:

“Warn your king that I shall not let it rest at that! Mark my words for him: ‘I have a long memory, O King, and the day will come when you will pay for what I have just suffered!’”

But Irontree and his men fled without answering, without even looking back.

3 – Battle at Dawn

Two days later, the first glimmers of a sullen dawn revealed a bustling scene on the shores of Tibol river. Several barges shuttled between the facing shores, carrying riders, foot-soldiers, and ox-drawn supply carts. The transfer had begun during the night: nearly a hundred men in grey and white uniforms were already drawn up on the western shore.

The operation lasted another hour. For the final trip, a mighty stallion stepped aboard the barge and the soldiers present recognized Irontree. The commander saluted his men, though his countenance remained solemn. He had given up his parade finery for a sober grey and yellow outfit, more suitable for open battle.

The barge breasted the waves. When it arrived, the troops saluted their chief and formed in marching order. Irontree led the march to Springale Plateau. His soldiers followed: fifty mounted archers, one hundred pikemen and riders, eight ox carts escorted by fifty men from the supply corps.

Once in sight of Barrad's cavern, Irontree ordered a halt. Without delay, the supply corps devoted itself to an ominous task: men lit fires upon which were placed large iron cauldrons equipped with small wheels. For over an hour, the fires feasted merrily on deadwood. Flames rose gaily, blackening the undersides of the cauldrons, and soon the smell of boiling oil spread in the still air.

Meanwhile, a handful of daring scouts were scouring the surrounding hills and tamarack stands to discover Barrad's breathing holes. Even an ogre needed to breathe. The scouts came back. They had found three open vents from which rose a carrion stench. Irontree gave his orders.

Behind a row of pikemen, the supply corps hauled cauldrons full of boiling oil to each of the three openings. It was exhausting and painstaking work, but three cauldrons were finally in position. Messengers rode hard to tell Irontree everything was ready.

Irontree pondered the cavern's heavy door. Should he warn the ogre and give him one last chance to flee without facing a fight to the death? He laid a hand on his smarting chest. Since the original skirmish, two days earlier, Irontree had been unable to sleep soundly, kept awake by the pain of his broken ribs. His teeth clenched, he signalled a soldier. The man raised a small horn to his lips: a single note echoed hoarsely among the hills.

The men from the supply corps lighted the oil in the cauldrons. Three black and greasy clouds rose in the blue sky. With the help of long staves, the cauldrons were overturned. Still putting forth a thick black smoke, the burning oil poured unstoppably into the openings.

Irontree and the archers had taken up positions along the rocky slopes of the vale overlooking the cave's door. Sixty pikemen stood shoulder to shoulder across the bottom of the vale. All stared at the tall iron door. A yell of surprise, followed by a scream of pain, was heard, distant and muffled. Then, the ground shook, so powerfully that even the riders felt the commotion. The scream ceased, to resume almost immediately. The archers nocked arrows, the pikemen clutched their pikes a bit more tightly.

The great door slammed open with a noise like a thunderclap, belching streamers of smoke and soot.

Barrad emerged from the smoke, hollering with mingled rage and fright. He came to a stop in front of the pikemen, his fierce brow etched with incredulity. He raised his eyes slowly towards the archers above him on all sides. Irontree gave an order. Thirty arrows flew.

Over such a short range, nearly all found their target. Struck in the back, the arms, the legs, and the neck, the giant bellowed in pain. The pikemen charged. It was too much for Barrad. He staggered back dejectedly to his cave. Ignoring the thick smoke still pouring out from the opening, he closed the heavy door behind him. Irontree had foreseen this possibility. The horn was blown again. "More oil! More oil!" Wincing from the scalding spatters of oil, the men from the supply corps turned over new cauldrons. The horn blew. "More! More!" A tremendous cloud, fat and stinking, rose in the sky as if the rock itself was burning. But Barrad did not budge from his lair.

Several minutes passed slowly. Irontree did not take his eyes off the metal door, puzzled. Was the great lout choking to death inside his own lair? Perhaps he was already dead, his breath robbed from him by the flames and the soot. Irontree cackled gleefully: to think he had come close to believing that dreamer Sirokin, and his tales of immortal aggs!

The cave's door opened with a crash. A flood of black smoke burst through the opening. No trace of Barrad. Nothing but curls of thick and greasy smoke, surging towards the pikemen. The soldiers frowned and coughed, but did not move back. Irontree uttered a cry of alarm: the soldiers, the cave door, the whole vale, everything was being overrun by a sea of smoke!

The First Marshal shouted to his men to tell them to stay calm, but then he espied a large shadow slipping through the smoke. Several soldiers howled despairingly and armours clanked together. Far deeper than any man's cry, a horrible wailing pierced the

smoke, a bloodchilling berserker's snarl... A ferocious battle was raging at Irontree's feet and the commander could only stay there, blind and powerless.

He spurred his horse towards the archers, each stride of his warhorse sending a needle of pain through his chest.

"Shoot! Come on, shoot!"

The captain of the archers was almost sobbing with frustration.

"Shoot where? We're going to kill our own men!"

A yell of alarm rang behind them. Irontree turned to see a great shape explode from the smoke at the other end of the vale. Running flat out, Barrad had managed to burst through the pikemen.

"Archers!" Irontree screamed. "Mount up and ride after him!"

Amid a thunder of hooves, the thirty archers set off in hot pursuit. Irontree followed as fast as he could without fainting from the pain in his side. The ogre was running fast, but not as fast as a horse could gallop. Like merciless wasps, the archers made up the distance and started shooting again. Many arrows missed — for, on uneven ground, the archers were hard put merely to keep their seat — but many more struck home. Soon fifty or so arrows jutted from the skin of Barrad's back. Yet the ogre never slowed down...

The efforts of the archers slackened. Irontree passed an archer who had slowed down and called out:

"Keep shooting! Don't stop!"

"I have no arrows left," breathed out the archer, pale with fright. "This is sorcery! How can that creature still be running?"

Out of arrows, the riders took out their swords. But none dared to come close to Barrad. They hung back cautiously, like dogs barking at the heels of a wounded bear. The chase could not last very much longer, in any event: they were heading for the

high cliffs overlooking the Tibol. Irontree and his men clenched their teeth. Once Barrad was backed up against the abyss, he would fight like a cornered dragon.

Irontree did not relish the prospect of a fight to the death: if close to a hundred arrows were not enough to bring the ogre to his knees, how many sword strokes would it take to hew him down?

For the first time, Irontree doubted the outcome of his expedition. If he had listened to Sirokin, things would never have gotten so far out of hand. In a flash, he envisioned the counsellor telling him with a patronizing smile: "I did warn you, Irontree." His fury kindled anew, Irontree spurred his horse onward, and faster, ever faster, to make an end of it!

But here again, Barrad's reaction surprised Irontree. Driven to the edge of the cliff, the ogre jumped without even breaking stride.

The first pursuers gazed disconcertedly at the huge splash produced by Barrad as he hit the waves. Irontree caught up with the vanguard and they watched the river's surface. With every passing minute, Irontree's heart grew lighter.

Ten minutes later, Barrad still had not reappeared. Irontree felt like laughing triumphantly, but he stopped himself: he had already given Barrad for dead once, he would only feel safe now when the ogre's dead body washed up on a shore of the Tibol. He would order his troops to scour the eastern and western shores. A reward of ten gold pieces would be granted to the first man to sight the body. Only ten? Come, now... this was no time to be miserly! He would give twenty, no, thirty gold pieces, and another ten for the man's captain, and promotions too for all involved.

So ran Irontree's thoughts when one of the archers cried out, pointing to the opposite shore. Dreams of rewards and promotions toppled like a house of cards. Barrad had stepped ashore on the other side of the Tibol! The ogre hardly took time to catch his breath. He turned towards Irontree and his men. His mighty voice carried easily across the river.

"Your king did wrong to send you against me! Now, he must pay! He must pay! You will all pay!" Stunned, Irontree did not answer. Barrad rushed away, limping and moaning, heading straight for the city of Kingsmount.

END

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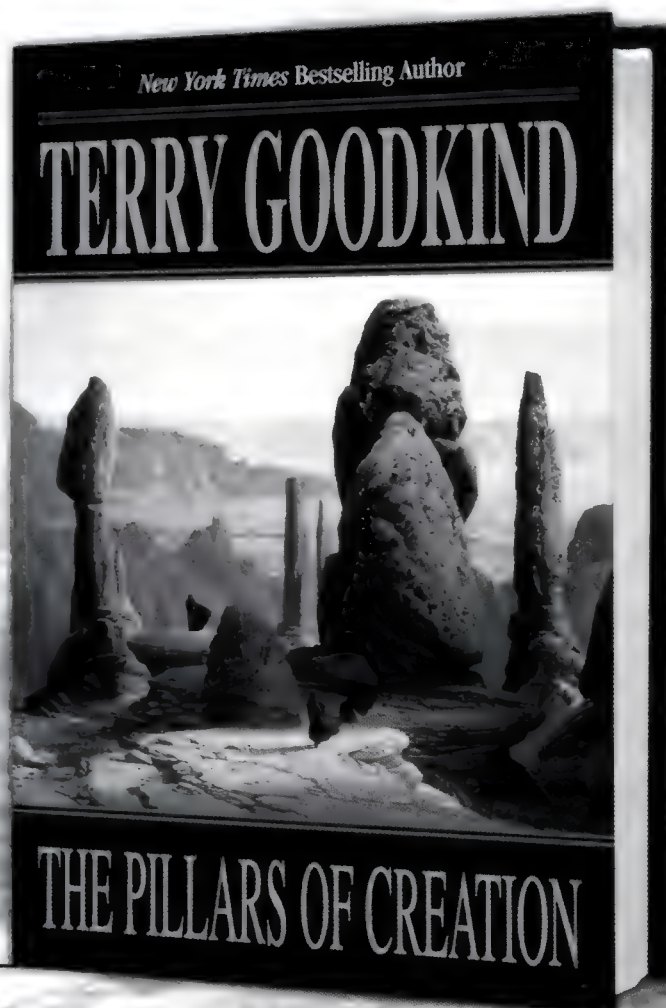
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Gone... But Not Forgotten

Compiled by Stephen Jones

The following writers, artists, editors, performers and technicians who, during their lifetimes, made significant contributions to the fantasy, science fiction and horror genres, are no longer with us since September last year...

Aaliyah [Dana Haughton] (22), American R&B singer and actress (Anne Rice's *Queen of the Damned*).

Douglas [Noël] Adams (49), British author and scriptwriter (*The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*).

Henri Alekan (92), French cinematographer (*La Belle et La Bête* [1946]).

James Allen (48), president of the Virginia Kidd Literary Agency.

Steve Allen (Stephen Valentine Patrick William Allen) (78), American comedian, writer, composer and TV and radio personality (TV's "Alice in Wonderland" [1985]).

John A. Alonzo (66), American director, cinematographer and former actor (*Star Trek: Generations*).

Jean Anderson (93), British stage, screen and TV actress (*The Night Digger*).

Poul [William] Anderson (74), American SF and fantasy author (*Three Hearts and Three Lions*).

Edward Anhalt (86), American screenwriter and film producer (*The Boston Strangler*).

Samuel Z. Arkoff (83), American executive producer and co-founder of American International Pictures (*I Was a Teenage Werewolf*).

Jean-Pierre Aumont (Jean-Pierre Salomons) (92), French film star (*Siren of Atlantis*).

Billy Barty (William John Bertanzetti) (76), "Little People" actor and activist (*Bride of Frankenstein* [as the baby in a jar]).

Douglas Benton (75), American producer (TV's "Thriller").

Berry Berenson (53), American actress and widow of Anthony Perkins (*Cat People* [1982]).

James Bernard (75), Indian-born British composer for Hammer Films (*Dracula* [1958]).

Ralf D. Bode (59), German-born American cinematographer (*Dressed to Kill* [1980]).

Mort Briskin (87), American film and television producer (*Willard*).

Herbert Wise Browar (83), former vice-president of production at Filmways Television (TV's "The Addams Family").

Mona Burns (100), American actress (TV's "Captain Video").

Corinne Calvet (Corinne Dibos) (75), French-born actress

(*Bluebeard's Ten Honeymoons*).

R. (Robert) Wright Campbell (73), Armenian-born screenwriter and novelist (*The Masque of the Red Death* [1964]).

John Chambers (78), Hollywood make-up artist (*Planet of the Apes* [1967]).

Tom (Thomas) 'Chan' [William] Chantrell (84), British film poster illustrator (*Star Wars*).

R. (Ronald) [Henry Glynn] Chetwynd-Hayes (91), British author of horror and humour (*The Monster Club*).

Frederick S. Clarke (51), American magazine publisher and editor ("Cinefantastique").

Nicolas Clermont (59), French-born Canadian film and TV producer (TV's "Highlander").

Peggy Converse (95), American actress (*The Thing That Couldn't Die*).

Robert E. (Edmund) Cormier (75), American young adult author (*Fade*).

Daniel Counihan (83), British radio journalist and author of one children's fantasy novel (*Unicorn Magic*).

Alejandro Cruz (78), Mexican wrestler and actor, better known as the masked Blue Demon (*Santo y Blue Demon vs. Los Monstruos*).

Pauline Curley [Peach] (97), silent film star (*Life Without a Soul*).

Hoyt Curtin (78), Hanna-Barbera music composer (TV's "Scooby Doo Where Are You!").

L. (Lyon) Sprague de Camp (92), American science fiction and fantasy author and editor (*The Incomplete Enchanter*).

Rosemary DeCamp (88), American character actress (*13 Ghosts*).

Fred de Cordova (90), American director and producer (TV's "Bewitched").

Amando De Ossorio (82), Spanish screenwriter/director (*Tombs of the Blind Dead*).

Alison de Vere (73), British cartoon film-maker (*Yellow Submarine*).

Anthony Dexter (88), American actor (*Fire Maidens from Outer Space*).

Gordon R. (Rupert) Dickson (77), Canadian-born science fiction and fantasy author (*The Dragon and the George*).

Troy Donahue (Merle Johnson, Jr.) (65), former American teen idol (*My Blood Runs Cold*).

Ann Doran (89), American character actress (*The Man They Could Not Hang*).

David Dukes (55), American leading man (Clive Barker's

- Rawhead Rex*).
- Louis Edmonds** (77), American TV actor ("Dark Shadows").
- Robert Enrico** (69), French film director (*La Rivière Du Hibou*).
- Julius J. Epstein** (91), American screenwriter and producer (*Arsenic and Old Lace*).
- Lee Erwin** (92), American theatre organist and composer (*The Hunchback of Notre Dame* [1923]).
- George Evans** (81), EC comics artist and book illustrator (*Tales from the Crypt*).
- Richard Farnsworth** (80), American character actor and former stunt man (*Misery*).
- Jenna A. (Anne) Felice** (25), New York book editor at Tor.
- Arlene Francis** (93), American actress (*Murders in the Rue Morgue* [1932]).
- Kathleen Freeman** (82), American character actress (TV's "Topper" [1953]).
- Jun Fukuda** (76), Japanese film director (*Son of Godzilla*).
- Giacomo Gentilomo** (92), Italian director (*Maciste contro il Vampiro*).
- Harold 'Hal' Goldman** (81), American scriptwriter (*Oh, God! Book II*).
- Leo V. Gordon** (78), American character actor turned screenwriter (Roger Corman's *The Terror*).
- Jane Greer (Bettejane Greer)** (76), Hollywood's leading film noir actress (*Sinbad the Sailor* [1946]).
- J. Harvey Haggard** (89), American pulp author of the 1930s and '40s.
- William [Denby] Hanna**, (90), co-founder of Hanna-Barbera Productions (TV's "Scooby Doo Where Are You!").
- Wojciech Has** (75), Polish film director (*The Saragossa Manuscript*).
- Richard P. Hazard** (79), American composer (*Bela Lugosi Meets a Brooklyn Gorilla*).
- Christopher Hewett** (80), British-born actor (TV's "Fantasy Island" [1983-84]).
- Patricia Hilliard** (85), British actress (*The Ghost Goes West*).
- Sir Fred Hoyle** (86), Controversial British astronomer, SF author and TV scriptwriter (*A for Andromeda*).
- Mentor Huebner** (83), American film designer and conceptual artist (*Forbidden Planet*).
- Ken Hughes** (79), British screenwriter and director (*Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*).
- William T. Hurtz** (81), American animator (*Little Nemo Adventures in Slumberland* [1992]).
- Enrique Anderson Imbert** (90), Argentinian author (*El Grimorio*).
- Tove Jansson** (86), Finnish fantasy writer and artist (*the Moomins*).
- Rick Jason** (74), American TV and film actor (*The Witch Who Came from the Sea*).
- James Louis J.J. Johnson** (77), jazz trombonist and composer and arranger (TV's "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century").
- Michael [Anthony] Johnson** (61), British leading man (*Lust for a Vampire*).
- Pauline Kael** (82), influential American film critic (the *New Yorker*).
- Henry Manners Katzman** (89), American film composer (Disney's *Bambi*).
- Burt Kennedy** (78), American screenwriter and director (*The Wild Wild West Revisited*).
- Hank Ketcham** (81), former Disney animator and comic strip creator (*Dennis the Menace*).
- Werner Klemperer** (80), German-American character actor (*Dark Intruder*).
- Howard W. Koch** (84), American film producer and director (*Frankenstein 1970*).
- Werner Koenig** (37), German film producer and distributor (*Heavy Metal 2000*).
- Stanley [Earl] Kramer** (87), American film producer and director (*On the Beach*).
- Emile Kuri** (93), Mexican-born set decorator (Disney's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*).
- Sir Lancelot (Lancelot Victor Pinard)** (97), Calypso performer who also appeared in films (*I Walked With a Zombie*).
- Lawrence M. Lansburgh** (89), American TV director ("The Wonderful World of Disney").
- Stephanie Lawrence** (50), British stage singer and actress (*The Phantom of the Opera* [1989]).
- Richard Laymon** (54), American horror writer (*The Beast House*).
- Harald Leipnitz** (74), German film actor (*Creature With the Blue Hand*).
- Jack Lemmon** (76), Hollywood star (*Bell Book and Candle*).
- Desmond [Arthur Peter] Leslie** (79), Irish UFOlogist and author (*Flying Saucers Have Landed*).
- David Lewis** (84), American character actor (TV's "Captain Video and His Video Rangers").
- Jack S. Liebowitz** (100), Ukraine-born co-founder of DC Comics.
- Julie London (Julie Peck)** (74), American singer and actress (*The Red House*).
- Gordon B. Love** (62), American fanzine editor (*Rocket's Blast/Comicollector*).
- Robert Ludlum** (73), American thriller writer and former stage and TV actor (*The Prometheus Deception*).
- Henry Lysing (John L. Nanovic)** (94), Slovakian-born pulp editor at Street & Smith (*The Shadow*).

- Norma Macmillan** (79), the voice of Casper, the Friendly Ghost in the 1950s.
- Ted Mann** (84), former owner of Mann's Chinese Theatre and film producer (Ray Bradbury's *The Illustrated Man*).
- Sally Mansfield** (77), American actress (TV's "Rocky Jones, Space Ranger").
- Leo Marks** (80), British wartime cryptographer and screenwriter (Peeping Tom).
- Scott Marlowe** (68), American actor (*Night Slaves*).
- Eloise McGraw** (84), American children's author (*The Moorchild*).
- Dorothy McGuire** (83), American leading lady (*The Spiral Staircase* [1945]).
- Jason Miller** (62), American actor and playwright (*The Exorcist*).
- Fred Marcellino** (61), American cover artist and illustrator.
- Christian Marquand** (73), French leading man (*La Belle et La Bête* [1946]).
- Richard Mulligan** (67), American stage, TV and movie actor (*Babes in Toyland* [1986]).
- Maurice J. Noble** (91), American animator for Disney and Warner Bros. (*The Dot and the Line*).
- Carroll O'Connor** (76), American film, stage and TV actor (*Fear No Evil* [1969]).
- Joseph O'Connor** (84), veteran British Shakespearean actor (*Gorgo*).
- Gary Olsen** (42), British character actor (*Clive Barker's Underworld*).
- Sam O'Steen** (76), American film editor and director (TV's "Look What's Happened to Rosemary's Baby").
- Hugh Paddick** (85), British radio, stage and screen actor (TV's "Pardon My Genie").
- Nancy Parsons** (58), American character actress (*Motel Hell*).
- Nyree (Ngairé) Dawn Porter** (61), New Zealand-born actress (*The House That Dripped Blood*).
- Anthony Quinn (Anthony Rudolph Oaxaca)** (86), Mexican-born Hollywood star (*The Hunchback of Notre-Dame* [1956]).
- Alan Rafkin** (73), American film and TV director (*The Ghost and Mr. Chicken*).
- Simon Raven** (73), British author and TV scriptwriter (*Doctors Wear Scarlet*).
- Frederic E. Ray, Jr.**, DC Comics artist (*Tomahawk*).
- Dr. Donald A. (Anthony) Reed** (65), founder of the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films.
- Beah Richards** (80), African-American actress (*Beloved*).
- Mordecai Richler** (70), Canadian novelist and children's writer (*Jacob Two-Two and the Dinosaur*).
- Michael Ritchie** (62), American film and television director (*The Golden Child*).
- Jason [Nelson] Robards, Jr.** (78), American stage and screen actor (Ray Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes*).
- Keith [John Kingston] Roberts** (65), British SF writer and illustrator (*Pavane*).
- Julian Roffman** (84), Canadian producer/director (*The Mask* [1961]).
- Sidney Salkow** (89), American B-movie director and former child stage star (Richard Matheson's *The Last Man on Earth* [1961]).
- Sir Harry [Donald] Secombe** (79), Welsh-born comedian and singer (radio's *The Goon Show*).
- Rick (Richard Michael) Shelley** (54), military SF and fantasy author (*The Wizard at Home*).
- Walter Shenson** (81), American-born film producer (*Help!*).
- Mary Shepard** (90), British book illustrator (*Mary Poppins*).
- Joan Sims** (71), British character actress (*Carry On Screaming*).
- Mary Sinclair** (78), American TV actress ("Climax!: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde").
- Curt (Kurt) Siodmak** (98), German-born author, scriptwriter and director (*The Wolf Man*).
- George F. Slavin** (85), American film and TV writer (*Mystery Submarine*).
- Bryan E. (Edwin) Smith** (43), the man who nearly killed Stephen King with his 1985 blue Dodge Caravan.
- Piotr Sobocinski**, cinematographer (Stephen King's *Hearts in Atlantis*).
- Kim Stanley (Patricia Beth Reid)** (76), American stage and occasional movie actress (*Seance on a Wet Afternoon*).
- Eleanor Summerfield** (80), British stage and screen actress (*Scrooge* [1951]).
- Ann Southern (Harriette Lake)** (92), American actress and light comedienne (*The Manitou*).
- Anthony (Maitland) Steel** (81), British leading man (R. Chetwynd-Hayes' *The Monster Club*).
- Nick "Nicodemus" Stewart** (90), American actor and dancer (Disney's *Song of the South*).
- Richard Stone** (47), American movie and cartoon composer (*Pumpkinhead*).
- Catherine Storr** (87), British children's author and former editor at Penguin Books (*Marianne Dreams*).
- Beatrice Straight** (86), American character actress (*Poltergeist*).
- Gerald Suster** (49), British occultist and horror author (*The Devil's Maze*).
- Professor Toru Tanaka (Charles Kalani)** (70), Honolulu-born professional wrestler and sometimes character actor (*The Running Man*).

Gloria Talbott (69), American B-movie star (*I Married a Monster from Outer Space*).

Brother Theodore [Gottlieb] (94), German-born actor, comedian and editor (*Brother Theodore's Chamber of Horrors*).

Ralph Thomas (85), British film director (John Wyndham's *Quest for Love*).

Gene Thompson (76), American TV scriptwriter and author (*Lupe*).

Yasuyoshi Tokuma (78), Japanese film producer and president of film company Daiei (*Princess Mononoke*).

Harry Townes (86), American character actor turned Episcopalian priest (TV's "Thriller").

Larry Tucker (67), American TV producer and scriptwriter ("The Monkees").

Dame Dorothy Tutin (71), British actress who played Peter Pan for two seasons (1971-72) on the London stage.

Pierro Umiliani (75), Italian film composer (*La Notte dei Diavoli*).

Rayner [Stephens] Unwin C.B.E. (74), British publisher (*The Lord of the Rings*).

Gwen (Gwyneth) [Evelyn] Verdon (75), Broadway dancer and film actress (*Damn Yankees*).

Pierre Versins (Jacques Chamson) (78), French SF author and scholar (*L'Encyclopedie des Voyages Extraordinaires, de l'Utopie et de la Science Fiction*).

Bernard Vorhaus (95), American-born film director (*The Amazing Mr. X*).

Deborah Walley (57), American actress (*The Ghost in the Invisible Bikini*).

Ray Walston (86), American character actor (TV's "My Favorite Martian").

Jack Watling (78), British leading man (*Meet Mr. Lucifer*).

Al Waxman (65), Canadian character actor (*Death Bite*).

Sam Wiesen (92), production manager at Universal Pictures (*Dracula* [1931]).

George Wells (91), American scriptwriter and producer (*Angels in the Outfield*).

Mary Williams (Winifred Mary Harvey) (97), British ghost story writer (*Chill Company*).

Lewis Wilson (80), American leading man (*Batman* [1943]).

Marie Windsor (Emily Marie Bertelsen) (80), Hollywood film and radio actress (*Cat Women of the Moon*).

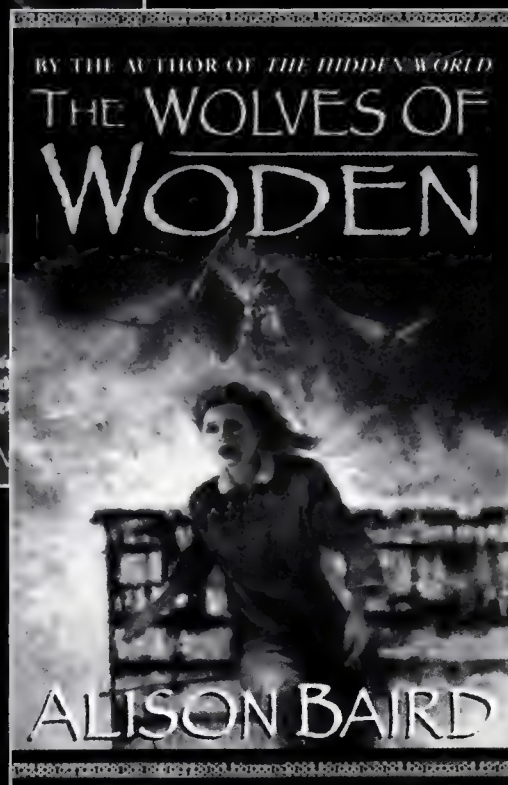
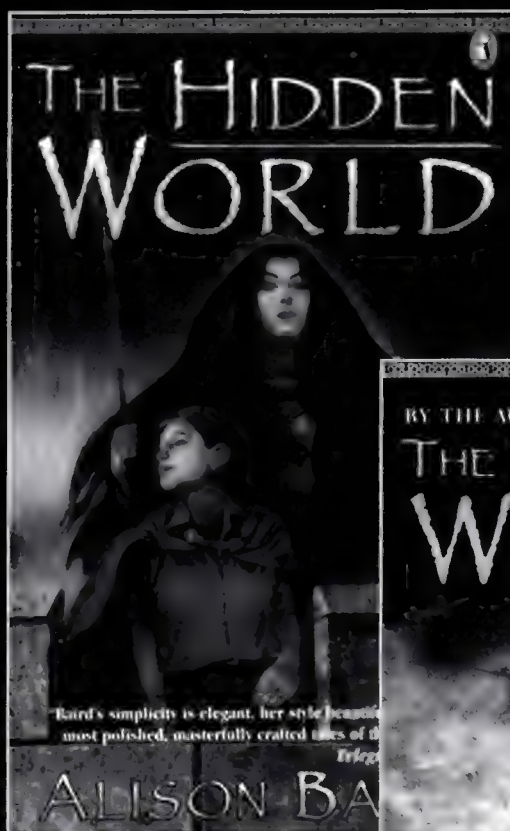
Edward Winter (63), American actor (TV's "Project U.F.O.").

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A Coldness in the Blood

excerpted from the novel by Fred Saberhagen

[The novel *A Coldness in the Blood*, is to be published by Tor Books]

Four

Sliding into the driver's seat of Mr. Tamarack's vehicle, with all that was mortal of the late owner neatly bagged up in the trunk, Mr. Maule applied the ignition key, and began very skillfully to drive. Because of the length of his wooden spear, it had to ride in the passenger cabin, rather like an old-fashioned fishing pole, angled from low in the right front seat to high in the left rear. But it was not fish that he had in mind.

Full daylight hit him with its expected shock as soon as he pulled up and out of the subterranean garage, but on he went, squinting through dark sunglasses at sun-drenched pavement and the lancing reflections from other vehicles. Sooner or later he would have to get out of the car and face the sun. A broad-brimmed straw hat lay on the passenger seat beside him, and he was wearing a long-sleeved shirt. In the trunk were his two plastic bags, the smaller one long and flat, of the size to contain a suit.

Tamarack's auto was not new, but it handled well. Presently Maule was swooping north on Lake Shore Drive, looking for a turnoff that would lead him handily to the Kennedy Expressway.

Maule's destination today was a place he had not visited for several years. He was fully aware that drastic changes in appearance might have taken place, but he thought it highly unlikely that anything essential would be greatly altered. Too much magic had been applied, quite recently as time regarding such things was measured, and much of it must still be permeating the very earth, making several acres of black and fertile Illinois soil into some-

thing like a military minefield, pocked with possible surprises. Of course, in contrast to the minefield, not all the surprises would be nasty. Since Maule had been the great magician's ally, this water and land ought to be still hospitable to him in many ways. This would be by far the safest, most propitious locale for him to dispose of an unwanted car and corpse. He thought he could depend upon the river to engulf his discards in its muddy toils, like some great enchanted serpent, and never give them up.

In another hour the four-lane highway had given way to a narrower one, and suburbs to early summer crops and pastures, interspersed with almost-European hedgerows and ravines too steep-sided to be anything but small preserves for wildlife.

Soon it became possible to see, when the road topped certain gentle hills, in the distance a fold of the broad, winding Sauk.

It was still a little before noon when he came to the remembered, unmarked turnoff from the highway. Gratefully he observed that a large summer thundercloud had materialized to give him some relief from the sun's relentless hammering through the lightly tinted glass of the car windows.

The building now looked rather like a farmhouse, though somewhat oversized. The last time Maule had visited this site, it had supported a real castle, utterly incongruous in Illinois, imported decades ago from Europe by a means no more magical than money.

When he made the proper mental effort, Maule could still see, faintly against the sky, the outline of the castle, alternating with the image of a huge Gothic farmhouse. To see either one properly required concentration on his part; Maule himself had never been a truly fine magician — few vam-

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pires were — and he had almost resigned himself to the fact that he never would be.

Some more shingles were missing from the farmhouse roof, since the last time he had been here. As he drew nearer, the structure regained, in his perceptive gaze, the dominant appearance of a castle. Now there were stone walls and a hint of battlement. Maule suspected that the several acres of land surrounding formed the remnant of some much larger holding, established more than a century ago.

Maule was surprised to see that this summer one side of the property was being encroached on by a vast field of tall summer corn, separated from enchantment by a prosaic fence, and well cultivated by some neighbor who evidently hoped for a high price per bushel in the fall. At one point the tall stalks were no more than about forty yards from the house. Maule wondered what a farmer in the cornfield would see, looking toward the house, or castle. Quite possibly the vision of a mundane breather would now see no building there at all, but only an inland view of trees growing thickly along the top of the riverside bluff.

The lowering thundercloud had begun to fulfill its promise, right when a brisk shower could be most helpful. Maule would have no need to be mindful of what sort of tire-tracks he might be leaving on this land, for they were all going to be washed away.

He drove a little closer, then parked his car and got out, sniffing the air. The enigmatic building was now plainly no more than an abandoned farmhouse, that seemed to grow a little smaller the nearer he approached.

Even before disposing of the burden in the trunk, Maule out of curiosity, and in search of the best place to sleep, entered the building. He had been invited into this dwelling years ago, and needed no renewed invitation.

Almost as soon as Maule stepped out of Tamarack's car, the urge for sleep, for near-oblivion, was very strong. But he steeled himself to fight it off a short time longer.

Struck by a strong intuition, or inspiration, of a kind he had learned centuries ago not to ignore, he climbed a shadowy spiral of stairs, seemingly compounded equally of stone and darkness. Moments later, standing on a flat and solid-feeling castle roof, he yielded to a sudden inspiration and erected his spear like a lightning-rod, point upward, propping the weapon in place with baulks of wood that he found lying providentially at hand. Dark clouds were swirling overhead in a most satisfactory manner, promising some summer pyrotechnics soon.

"Like Ahab, I will charge my weapon with the lightning," Maule murmured to himself, as a few heavy drops of rain came spattering. He suspected he might be facing a monster every bit as powerful as Moby Dick.

Now the restful delights of deep trance beckoned, and today they also promised information; but before he could allow his mind to be engulfed, there were the details of a more or less routine task to be completed. This meant disposing of the car, which had borne Tamarack's body in life, and and held it still in death. Along with the car must go that very body, which had served as vehicle for his soul.

Back in the castle courtyard (if he tilted his head slightly, he saw instead the front yard of the farmhouse) Maule opened the trunk. He needed to make sure the larger of his plastic bags was still where he had put it, and that the contents were unchanged; he had now entered a domain where certain transformations unthinkable in mundane time and space could not entirely be ruled out.

It still seemed to him a good idea that master and machine should disappear from human sight together, going deep into a swampy pool between two jutting shoulders of limestone, just where the

broad river curved at its nearest to the high-perched house. It cost the visitor a few grunts of moderate exertion to maneuver the heavy automobile into the right position atop the crag, and after a few more muttered words he sent it on its way. The effort of course left tire tracks and other marks on the high land; but he thought these would not long endure.



As soon as that task was accomplished, he reentered the castle. He thought he could detect a faint, comforting glow of welcome, from the walls around him and the land beneath.

Now he could almost fully relax. The distilled experience of half a millennium had refined his instincts until he thought they could — almost — always be trusted.

As a preliminary to restful trance, Maule turned off his own cell phone. Any incoming calls would have to wait, and the device would be of no help in an interior communication with his own earlier self, which had now become his immediate goal.

For a time he continued to prowl restlessly through the dwelling, which continued its subtle alterations around him as he moved. He was intent on selecting the precisely best spot to settle in for peaceful sleep. The maximum possible shielding from sunlight was desirable. Meanwhile he continued his interior preparations, that he hoped would allow him to proceed with his research whilst he was asleep. Long experience had proven that this was the most effective way for him to search the more remote corridors of his own memory.

When he had made his selection, he spread out the garment bag containing some of his native earth, and stretched himself out on it with a sigh.



Maule had achieved the peaceful, dreaming, trance he sought.

He intended to use a form of self-hypnosis to track down and extract the memory that was nagging at him — exactly where and when had he earlier encountered something very similar to the crushed white statue and its repulsive contents?

And when he had successfully attained the proper kind of trance, it came to him.



No sooner had the dream begun than he recognized the setting, and the time. On some level it seemed he already knew what was going to happen, but having come this far, he wanted to see all the details play out.

The time was a warm day in the early autumn of a year before the middle of the nineteenth century, long before he had thought of calling himself Matthew Maule. The place was a bedroom in a certain French chateau. There had been no intruding monster on that day — unless one could describe a jealous husband in those terms. And that the vampire had had any problem at all was really his own fault, for having the effrontery to persist in a risky assignation in broad daylight.

To state the case more precisely, the man who would one day be known as Matthew Maule, then well over a century younger and a hundred years less wise, had been overtaken by the rising sun in a room where he should not have been, occupying a bed in which he should never have fallen asleep. Yes, he had foolishly lingered on even past sunrise. No good berating his past self on that score now; he knew he ought to have known better.

The onset of daylight of course froze him in man-form. Who can say why he overslept that day? But that morning the burning light outside somehow lured him into perversely dozing. The doze could never have turned into a restful sleep, of course — not in that bed, which lacked any trace of his native earth. Still his eyes were closed and his conscious-

ness drifting. The sudden thunder of horses' hooves, startlingly close outside the window, took him unpleasantly by surprise.

Madame de Ferret beside him had also been shocked to wakefulness, and her voice was thick with quiet terror. "It is the count, my husband! My God, I had thought him in his room and fast asleep!"

Madame was thrown at once into a state of absolute terror, but she proved equal to the occasion.

And now, swift eager feet in heavy boots were thudding along the stone-floored corridor at ground level outside the bedroom. There were the windows, to be sure, offering a possible way out, but the unhappy vampire felt himself trapped by the searing rays of direct sunlight, as a lesser being might have been caught in the steel jaws of some great trap. But short of confronting the husband, and getting past him by force or guile, there was simply no means of escape available.

Given the circumstances, any attempt to prevail by guile seemed unlikely to succeed.

Casting a hasty squint at a curtained window, the tardy lover saw to his displeasure that the day was promising to be bright. Any long exposure to even intermittent sunlight would be uncomfortable at best, and might prove fatal. Even if he could manage to get out of the house without a hue and cry of pursuit close on his heels, the best he could expect would be long hours of a bitter ordeal, trying to find shade and shelter in the nearby woods.

No doubt the Count (if in truth the man had any real right to such a title; twenty-first century Maule still had his doubts) had been given reason to be suspicious of his wife's behavior, long before her most recent lover came on the scene. Neither could it be denied that the husband in this case was justified in taking a certain measure of offense at his rival's behavior — but like other creatures who are too proud for their true station in life, he carried his reaction to extremes.

By the time the jealous husband actually entered the room, the vampire, who could move very fast, was in milady's closet, every stitch of his clothing bundled under one arm, and with the door closed after him. Actually his own preference would have been to leave open the closet door, since it posed no real barrier to his discovery. Leave it open, and trust to the shelter of a small angled recess inside, just because an open door so strongly suggests that there is nothing and no one behind it worth covering up. But Madame had sprung out of bed almost as quickly as her lover. She pulled on a wrapper as she rose, and with an extension of the same movement pushed the door shut after him. If her husband was not in time to actually observe her in the act of doing so, he saw her turning away from the closet in an attitude strongly suggesting what she had just done.

But the lady's nerves were very good, so far. "You are very late," she said to him. "Or is it very early?"

Schedules were not what the husband had on his mind at that moment. "Madame, there is someone in your closet." His tones were hoarse, and coldly furious rather than excited. The man in the closet felt his heart sink at the prospect of having to do the poor fool harm, should a personal contest between them become inevitable. Strange, irrational schemes danced through the vampire's mind: Maybe he could arrange a challenge to a duel, and bear without wincing the brief and harmless pain of a leaden bullet in his heart. After that, he should have no trouble convincing a nineteenth-century physician that he was dead. At the moment, deliberately losing a duel was about the happiest outcome of the situation that he could foresee.

"No sir." Madame's courage and determination vibrated in her firm voice. The heart of the listening vampire sank even further as he contemplated what steps he might have to take to shield her from the consequences of his own folly in oversleeping.

In the next moment, it seemed that he had paused, rethinking his first impulse to yank it open. "If I open the closet door then, either way, our union is at an end."

The wife began a murmured protest, which the husband soon cut short. "Hear me, I know how pure you are at heart, and that your life is a holy one. You would not commit a mortal sin to save your life. Here, take your crucifix." There had of course been a rather ornate and valuable one, hanging on the wall. "Swear to me before God, on your crucifix, that there is no one in there; I will believe you, I will never open that door."

At the moment, the chances of a favorable, i.e., peaceful, outcome seemed too small to be worth estimating. Monsieur the count, if such he truly was, had murder in his heart.

Solemnly the wife let her pale hand rest upon the crucifix; in his mind's eye the vampire could see it, shaking slightly. Her voice at least was steady: "I swear to you that there is no one in my closet."

"Very well." There was silence for a few seconds, and then the husband, speaking in a different voice, turned to the maid, Rosalie, who had come in after him, and ordered: "Fetch Goron."

On hearing those words, the first impulse of the man in the closet was to relax just a trifle, for the count's tone suggested that he might be summoning a dog. In all his centuries since becoming nosferatu, the man in the closet had never encountered a four-legged watchdog, however fierce or strangely named, that he could not charm quickly into sleeping, or at least adopting an attitude of tolerance.

A few minutes passed in hopeful silence. But when Goron arrived, he came striding on two heavy and very human feet. In another minute, the directions that Monsieur began to give him were not

reassuring. The fellow was directed to get his barrow, and bring here, into the bedroom, materials left over from a recent construction project at the other end of the house. Goron, whatever his usual job, was being assigned a project for a stonemason.

Fortunately — or unfortunately, depending on one's point of view — some building materials, left over from a recent addition on the other end of the house happened to be readily available — probably their presence had even inspired the count with his plan. Rosalie was directed to fetch water, required for mixing mortar.

Had that particular vampire been at all susceptible to fear, he would have begun to feel it then. Oh, not for his personal safety — no pair of clumsy breathers were at all likely to hurt him much, unless they came armed with wooden arrows, spears, or bullets, or with certain exotic poisons, and took him completely unawares. But he foresaw unpleasant complications. Surely the lady would soon be forced to give way in this war of wills and words that she was having with her husband.

But Madam showed no sign of yielding. This, the intruder thought, is getting interesting.

Rosalie was soon back, lugging two full buckets. Interpreting bits of dialogue being exchanged out in the bedroom, the hidden listener soon understood that Goron the stonemason had for some time been hoping to marry Rosalie the maid, and that only financial difficulties had held them back. Now the count in a few terse words was promising to provide the hopeful couple with money to set themselves up in style, most likely in another country, if they carried out his orders now and ever afterward kept quiet about the whole affair.

There was the repeated trundling back and forth of a handy wheelbarrow, whose iron wheel must have damaged stone and tile floors, though today nobody was protesting. By this means, the assembly of materials took only a few minutes. Then, briskly,

without a word of explanation as to why he might want such alteration in the architecture, the count gave his workman orders that at this point came as no surprise to anyone. He was to brick up the closet door. "Be sure you make it solid and thick. There is to be no opening. If there should be, say, a fly trapped in there, he must never be able to get out."

The work began at once, while the master of the house stood by and watched.

Each of the four people in Madam's room knew what the certain effect of such a construction must be, on any being who happened to be trapped behind it. The stone wall of the old house must have been at least five or six feet thick at that point on the ground level, the closet a mere niche carved from its depth. There are designed tombs and mausoleums whose walls are more yielding and enclose more airspace.

But of course the fourth listener, the man in the closet, knew something of great importance that remained unknown to any of the others. A certain vital fact about himself: once the sun was down, he needed no wide doorways, he would be able to pass freely through crevices so small they would screen out the smallest fly.

When Madame understood that her husband was deadly serious in what he meant to do, she still did not yield in an honest confession. Instead she took the easier way out of her dilemma and fell down in an equally honest faint. The vampire in her closet was listening carefully, waiting patiently with folded arms, leaning against the wall in his little alcove. He could tell that her swoon was genuine, from the changed sound of her breathing and the soft crumpling of her fall.

The vampire felt sorry for the lady, who, he was sure, had no understanding of her secret lover's true nature, his extraordinary powers. (In the half-conscious mind of Matthew Maule, now luxuriating in his twenty-first century trance, there followed a

learned discussion, in which he took both parts, on the proper taxonomy of the subspecies *Homo dirus* — it seemed arguable that the correct name should be *Homo sapiens dirus*. Maule in his dreaming trance could not decide. He would have to ask some expert at the Field, or perhaps at one of the universities.)



— but of course such a discussion would have meant nothing to Madame. Listening to the slight clues of her inward struggle, the man in the closet was touched, choosing to think that her terror and shock were on his account, the wretch about to be walled up alive, and not for herself. In sympathy the vampire vowed to himself that he would try to do his best for her in turn.

As soon as the lady fainted, the maid rushed to her aid, while the murderously angry husband did not stir a step. For the moment he was quiet, except for his rather heavy breathing, but the concealed listener could picture him standing there, arms folded and frowning like a betrayed monarch. The man in the closet could also visualize the build and movements of the sturdy bricklayer, without ever having seen the man. The rhythm of Goron's strong callused hands, applying bricks and mortar gracefully, did not falter for a moment as he kept on phlegmatically adding one more tier after another. He was one to follow orders, not asking a single question of his master.

The workman's breathing had grown rapid with his exercise. The hidden listener could not make up his mind whether the mason might be in poor physical condition, his body strained by the exertion of building wall; or whether he was simply excited, probably more from the prospect of promised wealth than from having a hand in murder.

Soon the new barrier was high enough to prevent anyone suddenly entering the closet. Doing what little he could, under the circumstances, to ease the awkward position in which his lover found herself, the listener in the closet had been slowly and very quietly putting on his clothes. Having accomplished that, he found the situation almost boring — or would have done, except that he was waiting to make certain that the wife was not going to be murdered. To prevent that, he meant to do everything... that could reasonably be expected of him.

The mason in his labors was necessarily making a certain amount of noise, enough so that the intended victim decided there was little point in his maintaining absolute silence. No one was going to hear him if he moved about a little. So while waiting for the denouement of the little drama now playing itself out, he passed the time in examining the contents of the closet.

And here it was that Fate awarded him (and the dreaming, one-hundred-and-seventy-year-old Matthew Maule) with the object of his search.

In the closet there were some items of feminine clothing — no, more than some. Actually there were so many in the confined space that he had trouble turning around without entangling himself in sleeves and lace.

Here on a small shelf were more interesting items. Another crucifix, not as valuable as the one out in the bedroom — the vampire had no trouble picking it up for a closer inspection. Some superstitious folk who thought they knew him would have been astounded to see how casually, yet reverently, he did so.

Now he had put back the cross, and was toying with an odd little figure he found toward the back of a dusty shelf — it was an item of ancient Egyptian origin, and had been brought back to

France by one of the officers who had taken part in Napoleon's Egyptian expedition at the very end of the previous century.

At first he thought he had found a bizarre kind of doll, but in fact it was nothing of the kind. To the vampire's amazement and amusement, he was soon able to recognize it as an embalmed baby crocodile. Incredibly slender, doubtless having been disemboweled, and drained of its last drop of moisture, some thousands of years ago. Dark and faintly odorous, and threatening to crumble at the merest touch. The smell of it was very faint and vaguely pleasant, somewhere between dried flowers and old leather. It struck the visitor as odd, these Egyptian morsels in the middle of rural France — until he remembered that Napoleon Bonaparte had led a French army to the land of the pharaohs at the very close of the previous century, then only a few decades in the past.

Carefully he replaced the oddity on the obscure shelf, for it seemed to him that he had more important things to think about.

(And in the year of Our Lord Two Thousand and One, the dreaming vampire understood that a gutted, desiccated crocodile of such infantile stature would probably have fit very neatly into a certain small, thin-shelled white statue.)

Maybe, the hidden vampire thought, I should rehearse an explanation now, while I have the chance. It would be good to have one ready, just in case. Then I can at least say that I tried. You see, monsieur, in truth I have dropped in on your wife to admire her stuffed crocodile. Not an easy sentence, perhaps, for even the advanced student of French to come up with on a moment's notice.

Had he been a breather, the dusty emission from his find would probably have forced him to sneeze, injecting a note of low bedroom farce into the potential impending tragedy.

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So matters were going in the closet. Meanwhile, out in the charged atmosphere of the bedroom, the lady had revived from her faint, her maid had helped her to a chair, and the unhappy husband and wife were at least speaking to each other again. The start of reconciliation? No, not likely. The husband was adamantly refusing to hear any belated confession, or attempt at negotiation.

"You have sworn that there is no one there," he repeated several times. And that, it seemed, was going to be the end of that.

The concealed listener pondered: Would his dear companion of a few hours ago now have to present another serious sin to her confessor? It seemed to him a nice point for the theologians to wrangle about. She had taken a most solemn oath, swearing to what she was certain was a lie — although in objective fact it was essentially the truth. Once darkness fell again, stone walls would be no more obstacle to her secret lover than open windows.



It had become very dark inside the closet when the wall-building was complete at last, though in fact it was not yet the middle of the day. There were hours of daylight to be got through, but the man inside was very old, and he could be very patient.

Time passed. He had no trouble determining the exact moment when the shoulder of the spinning earth rose high enough against the sun to hide its radiance from central France. He could feel his powers returning promptly on schedule, as he had never doubted that they would. From that moment, bricks, stones and mortar could hold him in no longer. A network of invisibly fine crevices existed in the thick outer wall, as they would in almost any barrier. Most of these defects were practically invisible, too thin to admit even a sharp knife blade, yet they easily sufficed to set him free.

Drifting in mist-form through the early twilight just outside the house, the vampire took thought regarding his next move. Given Madame's demonstrated concern for his welfare, (she was still clinging to hopes that her husband would relax his vigilance long enough to permit her ordering the wall demolished and rebuilt, without his knowledge) it would have seemed very inconsiderate not to let her know that he had survived.

Everything was working out at least as well as he could possibly have expected — perhaps better.

He showed his face very briefly outside the parlor window, choosing a moment when his erstwhile companion happened to be looking in that direction, and her lord and master had his back turned. A smile, a wink, a slight wave of the raised hand to signify goodbye, and in the next instant the intruder was out of sight again.

Monsieur turned round on hearing the strange noise that his wife uttered in that moment, but she had been given the essential second or two in which to avert her face from the window and close her eyes.

The count was at bottom a very mundane fellow, and absolutely convinced that nothing could trump solid bricks and hardened mortar — except possibly money, gun-barrels, and his own warped conception of personal honor. By that last he chiefly meant that secretly and inwardly he lived in terror of being laughed at.



Later that night, when the lady tiptoed out of her room, where her husband currently was snoring — doubtless she had in mind some desperate plea to Goron — the vampire intercepted her. He had been waiting in a hallway, confident of his ability to melt into darkness if someone should come along.

Frozen in shock for a long moment at the sight of one she had seen so ruthlessly and horribly

doomed, instead quite casually alive and well, she finally found the breath to demand in a fierce whisper: "How did you get out?"

“There are ways,” he whispered in response. “The means of Mesmer.” This was a marvelously irrelevant answer, but still the best he had been able to think up in the time available. France was still strongly under the influence of the great wave of enthusiasm for Anton Mesmer’s hypnotic techniques, that had reached its peak a few decades back. It was an epoch when it seemed that the power of suggestion might be stretched to explain any marvel. By invoking Mesmer, he had given the lady a strange answer, but an enormously relieving one, so it was one she wanted to believe.

He went on, trying to be soothing. "So, you see, when you swore that mighty oath that there was no one in your closet — you were telling the exact truth."

"You mean that all the time Goron was building that wall — ?" And Madame's pretty lips were soiled with an exotic oath. "I nearly died!"

"Be assured, Madam, that I did not."

The vampire did his best to confirm the lady in her swift-rising hope that she had committed no serious sin in answering her husband as she did. Having known several good Jesuits, each of them more skilled in debate than the others, he was certain any one of them could have made a powerful argument for that point of view. And he felt confident that the lady herself was sure to convince herself that his argument was correct, as soon as she had been given a little time to think about it.

The transformation did not take long. Even as the vampire watched, her life, her conscience, were visibly relieved of an enormous burden.

But she was still afraid, and would not want to be reminded of the close call. "You must go, we must never see each other again."

Her ex-lover sighed, gallantly, as if the prospect of such loss were well-nigh insupportable. "I fear that you are right. But first, one question, madam, if I may?"

“What is it, then? In God’s name, be quick!”

“There was a certain item in your closet that much intrigued me. I believe it to be actually the body of a small crocodile, dried out to the point of crumbling, mummified...”

Her mouth flew open. "Are you insane? What do you care about that trash? Fly for your life, before he comes!"

Once he was determined to find out something, he was not easily turned aside. "Nevertheless, I am intrigued. If you could just tell me — ?"

She nodded at him, so frantically that ringlets of her hair went all askew. "It is some kind of mummified crocodile, the Egyptians find them in the Nile, and worship them. They say the hot sun breeds them from the mud. My father was with Bonaparte, and brought it back — are you satisfied now? Then, in God's name, flee!"



Years later, when both man and wife were either dead or too old to worry about it any more, the vampire heard, almost by chance and from another of his own subspecies, how the husband had spent the next two weeks in his wife's room, never letting her out of his sight for even a tenth of the time that would have been necessary to knock an escape hole in a wall of solid brick.

For a time he wondered what the sequel to the story might be: Did the lady eventually, at some time when her lord and master was out of the way, order the wall torn down, saying she was tired of being deprived of the use of her closet? Or might she have suddenly remembered that one of her favorite gowns or hats was in there?

Or was she never quite sure enough, that she had really seen her endangered lover safe and free, to risk any such bravado gesture?

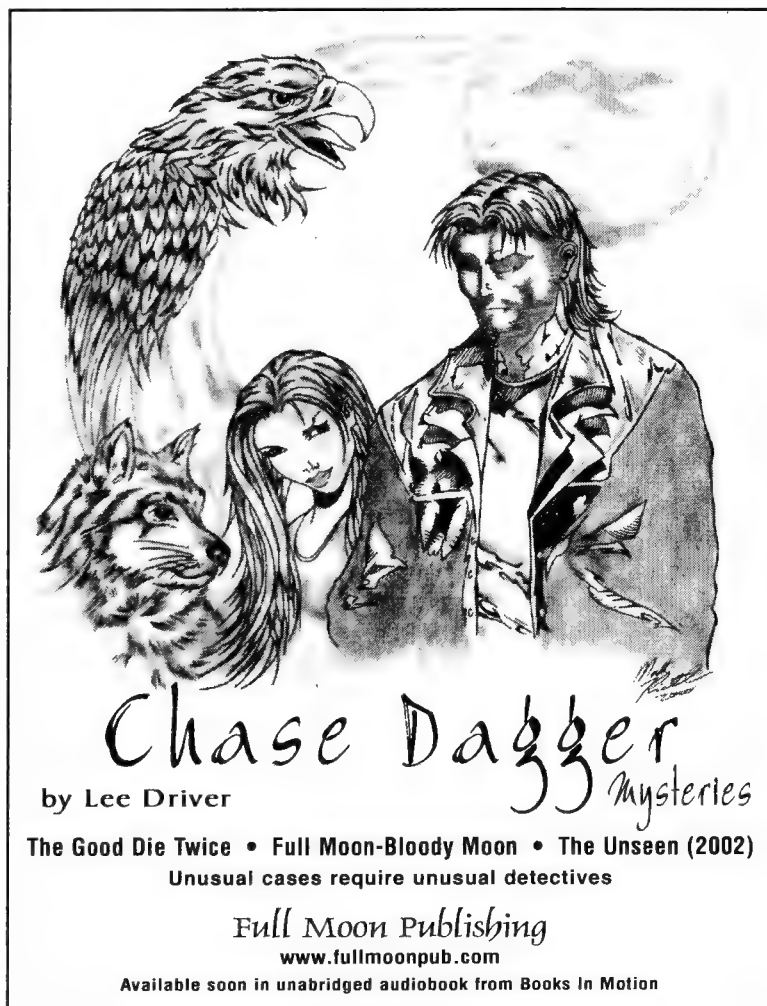
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Maule woke from his eidetic trance to the realization that he was still stretched out exactly where he had lain down, in a high room of what had once been a magic castle, established on a millionaire's strange whim in Illinois. The thunderstorm had passed; he had been aware only dimly of how it blessed his elevated spear. Now, small dust motes danced within a beam of restored sunlight, having that peculiar quality generally found in solar energy in late afternoon, slanting close above him as he lay.

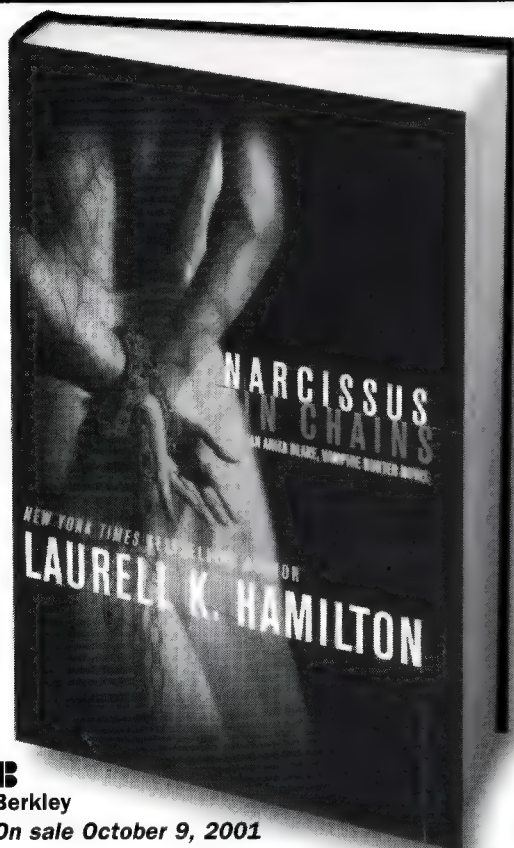
The uncanny old house, and the strange land around it, were unnaturally quiet.

He was still alone — but he could feel that soon enough he would have company.

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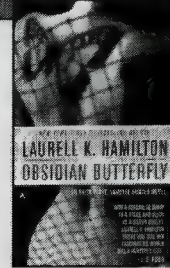
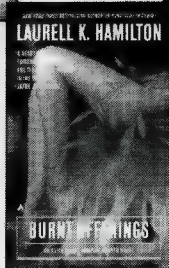
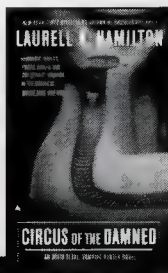
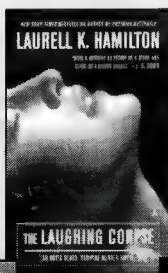
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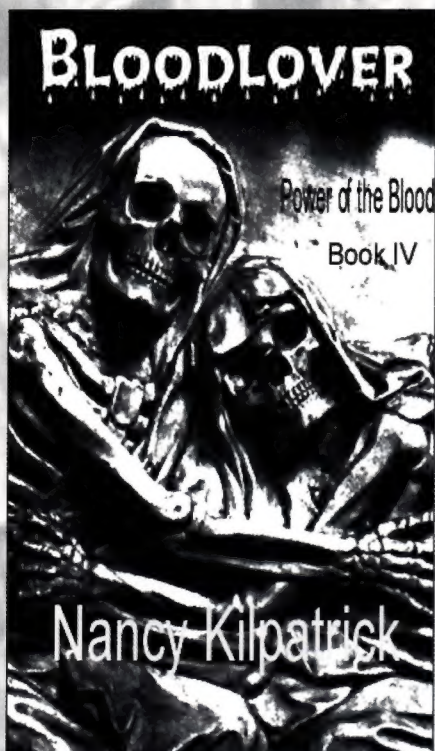
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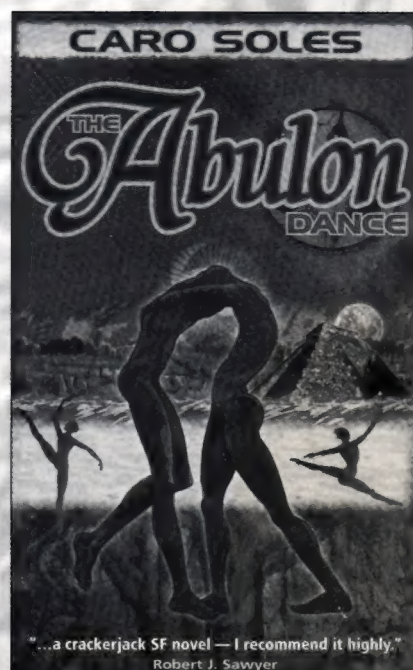
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Joël Champetier lives in Proulxville, a small village in Mauricie, Québec, with his wife Valérie and an ever evolving retinue of pets. His first SF novel, *La Taupe et le Dragon*, was also published by TOR as *The Dragon's Eye* (1999). *La Mémoire du lac*, a dark fantasy novel published in 1994, won the Grand prix de la science-fiction et du fantastique québécois, and 1995's *Aurora Award* for Best Canadian SF or Fantasy Book in French. *La Peau blanche* and *L'Aile du papillon* (from Éditions Alire), both blend fantasy and mystery. Joël Champetier is editor of *Solaris*, the longest running French-language SF magazine in the world. *Les Sources de la magie*, his thirteenth novel, should be available in time for the 2001 WFC. The action is set in the Contremont universe, already visited in a five book fantasy series published in the Jeunesse-Pop collection at

System Requirements:

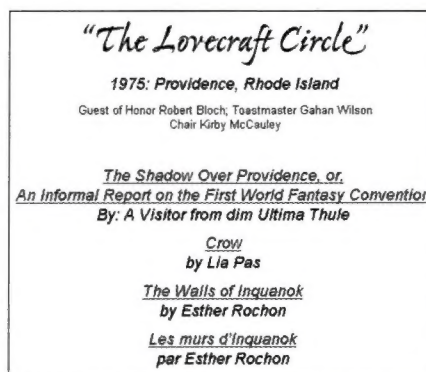
No Internet connection is required.

Your computer must be capable of displaying an image of at least 800 x 600 pixels.

A web browser, either Microsoft Internet Explorer 5.0 or higher, or Netscape Navigator 4.0 or higher. More recent browsers are preferred (Netscape 4.6 to 6, Internet Explorer 5.5 to 6), but are not necessary.

In order to hear the accompanying music you must have a recent version of the Macromedia Flash Player installed. (A link to the download is included on the CD-ROM.)

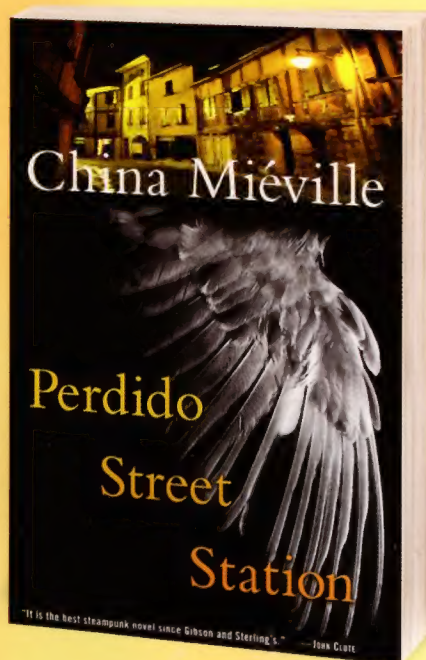
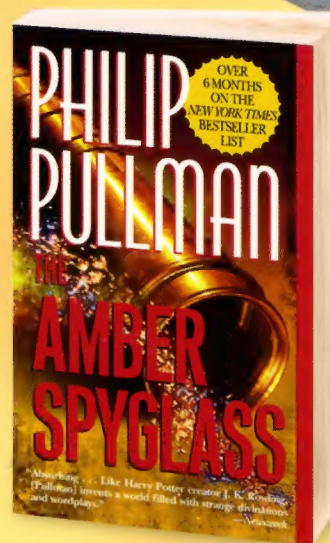
In order to watch the included videos you must have Apple's QuickTime installed. (A link to the download is included on the CD-ROM.)



*Congratulations to
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PHILIP PULLMAN

Author of
THE AMBER SPYGLASS
Best Novel

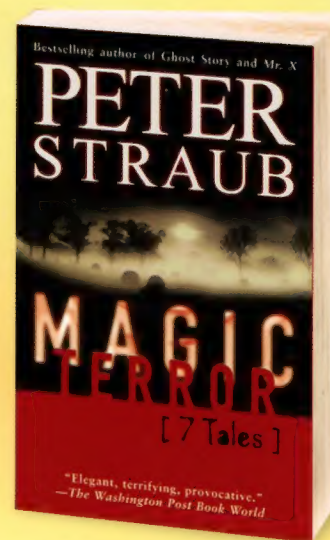


CHINA MIÉVILLE

Author of
PERDIDO STREET STATION
Best Novel

PETER STRAUB

Author of
MAGIC TERROR
Best Collection



And cheers to *all* of this year's contenders!



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